# The Outlook

Vol. 76 February 13, 1904 No. 7

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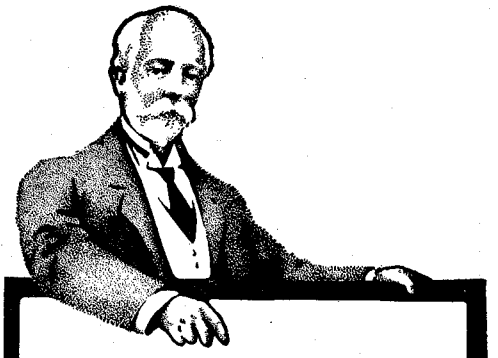

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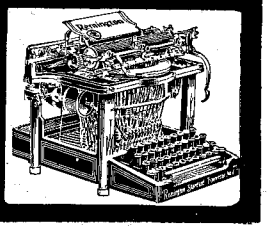

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# The Outlook

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**Japan Severs Diplomatic Ties**

On Saturday of last week M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, informed the Russian Government of the Japanese Government's decision to sever diplomatic relations. The official statement is as follows:

The last Japanese note in response to the Russian note of January 8 had been remitted to the Russian Minister at Tokyo on the 13th of January. The Japanese Government had insisted that a prompt response be made to it, owing to the gravity of the situation. Not receiving the answer requested, M. Kurino, the Japanese Minister at St. Petersburg, has made to Count Lamsdorf on several occasions recently representations in order to secure an answer from Russia. Not having obtained this answer, he asked him to indicate the earliest date for the reply. Count Lamsdorf, while promising to make a response as early as possible, has not been able to indicate when the response could be transmitted to the Japanese Government. The Japanese Government, having vainly awaited, on its part, the Russian answer for more than three weeks, and having been, moreover, informed that Russia was making active preparations for war and was concentrating her troops and her naval forces toward Korea, is under the necessity of breaking its negotiations with Russia and of resuming its liberty of action.

Although the Russian telegraphic reply had not been received at Tokyo, its principal points are reported at St. Petersburg to have been divulged by Count Lamsdorf, Russian Foreign Minister, to the Japanese Minister there. Though making important concessions and couched in courteous phraseology, the Russian Government declined to recognize Japan's right to ask for a treaty covering the Chinese sovereignty of Manchuria or Japan's wishes regarding a neutral zone on *both* sides of the Valu River, marking the boundary between Manchuria and Korea. If Japan knew in advance what the Russian unsatisfactory reply would be, we do not wonder at the Japanese resumption of liberty of action on receipt of the news that the reply would be indefinitely delayed. Commenting on the above, M. Motono, the Japanese Minister at Paris, says:

It is untrue that Baron Komura, the Japanese Foreign Minister, received yesterday any note from Baron de Rosen. Therefore the action of Japan in breaking off relations was not a result of the Russian reply. No response has been remitted by Russia to my Government. The despatches stating that Russia sent her reply are deceptive, as we have not received it, and it is because we have not received this reply that we are determined to act with vigor. This is the situation. Russia alone is responsible. She received our last note on January 15. Can you not conceive the inquietude and the irritation at Tokyo? After three weeks of patience, we thought that was sufficient, and our dignity would not permit us to wait indefinitely.

Viscount Hayashi, Japanese Minister at London, confirms the above and declares his belief to be that the Russian reply was never sent. These diplomats would have been well within the mark in adding that Russia's apparently studied disregard for Japanese rights and susceptibilities is also a disregard for the sentiment of all commercial nations. Each of them is interested in upholding the open door of trade in Asia, and in this respect Japan is but the world's protagonist.

❀

**Russia Takes the Same Action**

In its turn, on Sunday of this week, the Russian Government issued the following statement:

His Imperial Majesty has been pleased to order that the Russian Minister at Tokyo, with the whole staff of the imperial mission, shall leave the capital of Japan without delay. The attitude on the part of the Tokyo Government, which has not even awaited the arrival of the answer of the Imperial Government, which was sent off



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during the last few days, throws the whole responsibility for the consequence which may arise from a rupture of diplomatic negotiations between the two empires on Japan.

Baron de Rosen, the able and accomplished Russian Minister at Tokyo, is making preparations to leave that capital, where he will be sincerely regretted. He has been personally popular among his colleagues and among the Japanese. In the early stages of the negotiations he strongly advocated and strove for peace, but in the later developments his views are said to have been overridden by the war party at St. Petersburg; so that he merely followed instructions. It is believed that long since he warned his Government as to Japan's "irreducible minimum," and stated at the outset of the negotiations that it was "no bargaining bluff." At his instance, Russia has receded from most of her pretensions, but she has not receded far enough, and consequently the rupture of diplomatic relations has followed. This, however, need not necessarily mean an outbreak of hostilities. A diplomatic rupture has more than once lasted for years without resulting in war. We hope that Japan's admirable self-restraint will continue to the end, that in Manchuria she will trust to the maintenance of the open door by the Chino-American and Chino-Japanese treaties; that in Korea she will watch Russia's attitude, and wait until action is inevitable.

❀

**Japanese War Preparations**

In Korea the Seoul-Fusan Railway was occupied by Japanese troops last week much as the Manchurian railway has been occupied by Russian troops. The Japanese have also taken field guns to Seoul, the Korean capital, to protect their legation there, and are building barracks for the accommodation of cavalry. In Manchuria the Japanese Consul at Niuchuang has been arranging for the departure of all Japanese in that province and the Amur provinces of Russia, while the Japanese Consul at Chifu, China, has actually protested against the further export of Chinese coal to Port Arthur, the Russian stronghold. The Japanese army of over six hundred thousand men in the active and reserve lists has been mobilized, and the troops are ready to occupy Korea if desirable. The narrow strait separating Japan from Korea makes such an occupation but the affair of a short time. The Japanese navy is ready for action, and will presumably operate from its seven harbors of refuge and repair, containing fifteen docks, several of them sufficiently commodious to accommodate the largest vessels. While the strength of the two opposing fleets in Asiatic waters is about equal in battle-ships and in cruisers, both armored and protected, the Japanese can throw a total broadside three times as great as can the Russians. The Japanese Government's preliminary estimates place the amount of money possible to raise by the sale of war bonds at five hundred million yen ($250,000,000), a sum which, with the present cash balance, hardly equals Russia's resources. But Japan's financial position is superior owing to the smallness of her debt. On Monday of this week the first act of hostility from the Japanese navy was reported, a fleet of Japanese war-ships on the way to Chemulpho, Korea, having seized several Russian trading steamers. It is likely that such an act may be followed by reprisals. Japan thus stands technically doubly in the attitude of the aggressor. Is she so really?

❀

**Russian War Preparations**

At present passengers and goods on the Trans-Siberian Railway connecting Russia with the Far East are conveyed across Lake Baikal on the ice, which lasts until May. The Russians, however, have been at work with feverish haste on a railway around the lake, and hope to have their labors completed before the outbreak of hostilities with Japan. Prince Khilkov, Russian Minister of Railways and Public Works, is now on his way to Lake Baikal to hasten the undertaking by every official means. The Russian squadron of twenty-six vessels in the harbor of Port Arthur left that place last week for a cruise toward Chifu. The vessels were cleared for action. It is said that the Japanese fleet was cruising not far off. The Russian

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land force east of Lake Baikal has been increased to over three hundred thousand men out of a total active army of eleven hundred thousand, the total, with the reserve, being nearly five millions. The first movement of Russian troops last week was that of Amursk Cossacks toward the Russian island of Saghalien, north of Japan, a movement probably intended to frighten the Japanese in the northern part of their island empire. A more noteworthy movement of Russian land forces, however, was in the direction of the Yalu River, and gives rise to the suspicion that Russia means to seize North Korea. The official announcement is as follows: "Russia's love of peace has been exhausted by Japan's demands. Troops therefore have been concentrated on the Yalu River." Close to the Korean border and in the line of the Russian advance is the Manchurian port of Antung, recently made an open trade port by the Chino-American Treaty. The Russian War Office declares that the movement toward Antung has no connection with its opening as a treaty port, but is a precautionary measure to safeguard the Russian timber concessions on the Korean side of the Yalu Valley. As to Niuchuang, another of the three Manchurian coastal treaty ports, confirmation is now at hand of the reports that Russian officials there have removed several of the employees of the Chinese Inspector-General of Customs and Posts and had replaced them by Russians. Representations—a polite word in diplomacy for protests—have properly been made by the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. It is unfortunate that such an occurrence should have taken place at a time when Japan and the other commercial nations have become irritated by Russia's aggressive course, coincident with her policy of delay. Every day's delay is worth thousands of dollars to Russia in affording time for additional transport preparations for a possible war in a region nearly six thousand miles away from her base of supplies. While she has shipyards and stores at Port Arthur and at Vladivostok, the dockage at both is insufficient and the access difficult and dangerous at this time of the year. We are loth to believe, therefore, even now, that Russia will deliberately force the choice of peace or war upon Japan. Yet, if so, the material readiness to fight will, we believe, be on the side of those who also have the moral advantage in the struggle.

❀

**What will Become of Korea?** Last week at Seoul, the Korean capital, a Russian soldier seized a native woman and an angry crowd gathered. A body of Korean gendarmes soon arrived at the scene of the trouble, and an encounter with the Russians followed. The gendarmes fought well and overpowered the Russians, one of whom was wounded. The people of Korea seem to have been treated as a negligible quantity both by Russia and Japan, although the latter power guarantees the independence of the Korean Government and urges Russia to do the same. If the Korean Government were only worthy of respect, its distress would appeal more to the nations. As it is, the foreign Ministers at Seoul are compelled to have recourse to extraordinary measures to protect foreigners in Korea. If a really worthy Government should succeed to the rights and privileges of the present one, its position ought to be of special interest to our own Government. For by the treaty of 1882, by which America introduced Korea into the family of nations, our Government undertakes, "if other Powers deal unjustly or oppressively" with Korea, "to bring about an amicable arrangement."

❀

**China and Japan** The increasing evidences of an understanding between China and Japan have led the Russian Minister at Peking, so it is reported, to inform the Chinese Grand Councilors that, in the event of war, Russia may be compelled to seize Peking, Tientsin, and Taku; hence China should consider this situation thoroughly before declaring any intention to favor Japan. In consequence of this, some Chinese fear that Russia may attack China first. On the other hand, the Japanese Minister at Peking, according to late news, has advised the Chinese

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Government to prepare to deal with rebellions fomented by malcontent Chinese, if China maintains neutrality in the event of Russo-Japanese hostilities. One influence towards an espousal of Japan's cause by China comes from the fact that the pro-American Wu-Ting-Fang, late Chinese Minister at Washington and now Vice-President of the Chinese Foreign Board, has memorialized the Throne, asking that China open Manchuria to the trade of the world, the consequence of which would be that Russia would hesitate to make enemies of the Powers by opposing such a course. The Throne has also been memorialized to issue a proclamation forbidding Russia to recruit mounted brigands and others in Manchuria, threatening with severe penalties all Chinese who disregard the command and aid the recruiting. Another and more powerful anti-Russian influence in China now comes from Yuan-Shi-Kai, Viceroy of the metropolitan province of Chili and Commander-in-Chief of the Chinese army. According to General Frey, of the French army, who has just made an exhaustive study of Chinese military conditions and possibilities, Yuan-Shi-Kai is the only real army leader and strategist in China. Others have called him the most influential statesman among the Viceroys and Councilors. Hence the fact is impressive that Yuan-Shi-Kai has memorialized the Throne, urgently insisting upon an offensive and defensive alliance with Japan in order to regain the now Russified Chinese province of Manchuria. Yuan-Shi-Kai significantly adds that Japan is not only better prepared for war than Russia, but that of the two Japan certainly appears to be the more disinterested.

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**Macedonia and Armenia**

The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions has published a report from the Rev. J. F. Clarke, a missionary at Samokov, Bulgaria, close to the Macedonian frontier. Mr. Clarke says that the official record of refugees who have escaped from Macedonia into Bulgaria now amounts to over twenty-three thousand. It is reported that this number will soon be swelled to thirty thousand by the companies from the various villages which are continually crossing the mountains, braving the cold and deep snow. From such a party, numbering twenty-eight, a woman and two children perished a month ago. Mr. Clarke says that, though the central Government is supplying bread and flour to those in need, he has personally visited twenty-one places where refugees are, and has found the destitution very great. In response to the statements by representatives of the Turkish Government that American missionaries in Turkey have always been and still are fomenters of revolution, the American Board calls attention to the asserted fact that, in all the history of the Turkish Empire, when province after province has been lost by internal disturbances and revolutions, no American missionary has been in those provinces, nor has there been any American institutions established within them. The only possible exception which might be made is Bulgaria, but Bulgaria had no American school at the time of its assumption of partial independence, and the American missionary work was just beginning. The Sultan has ordered additional troops to guard the Bulgarian frontier, and, in Asia, has also strengthened the Russo-Armenian frontier. Reports from Harput, Van, Sasun, and Erzerum, as published in the Paris journal "Pro Armenia," show that the unrest in Asia Minor is increasing rather than diminishing. Can the Sultan check it with his Kurdish guards, any more than he has checked, for the moment, the Macedonian insurrection on the other side of the Bosphorus? We doubt it. Incensed by the ascendency of the insurrectionists, the Sultan is taking advantage of Russia's absorption in the Far Eastern crisis to inaugurate more drastic measures. The outcome of these may be war in deadly earnest. He has ordered the railway leading north from Salonika on the Ægean Sea to place its entire rolling stock at the disposal of the military authorities, and to form a coal depot at every railway station. A similar measure heralded the outbreak of the Turko-Greek War. These preparations for a possible war were thus significantly com-

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mented upon on Sunday of this week in an official statement by the Bulgarian Premier:

This Government is fully informed, and it has made numerous representations to Constantinople with the view of stopping Turkish prosecution of everything Bulgarian, but its protests have not yet had the desired result. These acts, committed continuously for several months past, have compelled the Government to believe that the Porte is committing them intentionally, in order to provoke a conflict with Bulgaria, and thus justify the non-execution of the reform plan. Encouraged by Bulgaria's correct and loyal attitude, Turkey is becoming more audacious, and making the acts of Bulgaria an excuse for the concentration of troops on the frontier, with the intention of compelling the principality either to violate peace or lend its support to the Porte in its endeavor to nullify the efforts of the Powers on behalf of the reforms.

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**The British Parliament** Last week Edward VII. in person opened Parliament with all the ceremonial which has been in vogue since he became King. This ceremonial is one more outward sign of the more direct activity of the English sovereign in political affairs. The most interesting passage in the King's speech dealt with the Russo-Japanese situation:

I have watched with concern the course of the negotiations between the Governments of Japan and Russia in regard to their respective interests in China and Korea, and a disturbance of the peace in those regions could not but have deplorable consequences. Any assistance which my Government can usefully render towards the promotion of a pacific solution will be gladly afforded.

In the Parliamentary session which followed, Earl Spencer, the Liberal leader in the House of Lords, said he hoped that the Government's friendly offices had been offered to both Powers. Lord Lansdowne, Foreign Secretary, replied that it was an axiom in diplomacy not to offer good offices until they were asked for. Neither of the disputants had asked for it. In fact, it was an open secret that one at least of the disputants [Russia] had said that mediation was not desirable at the present time. But, should the opportunity offer, his Majesty's Government would gladly avail itself thereof.

**Chamberlainism** The most picturesque incident of the debate in the opening session of the British House of Commons was the attempt of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, the youthful Chancellor of the Exchequer, to defend the Government's new fiscal policy, inspired by the Chancellor's father, Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, late Colonial Secretary. Mr. Chamberlain, senior, is a frank protectionist, but has so far been unable to induce the reconstructed Balfour Government to go beyond that fiscal plan called retaliation. Mr. Austen Chamberlain, therefore, was not defending so much Mr. Balfour, the Premier, as Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, to whom he frequently referred as "my right honorable friend, the member for West Birmingham." The Chancellor declared that the House of Commons must first decide whether or not it desired any change in the fiscal system, and until that point was settled the Opposition demand for details of the Government's fiscal reform plan could not be granted. The Chancellor's attempt to defend the Government's fiscal reform plan was hardly successful. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the Liberal leader in the Commons, was quite right in complaining that Mr. Balfour had long postponed a Parliamentary discussion of the Government's fiscal programme on the pretext that it was to be made the subject of careful inquiry by a commission made up of permanent Government officials. Such a pretense serves no longer. It is true that Mr. Chamberlain, as a private individual, has appointed a commission. The only way of dealing with the existing confusion, as Sir Henry pertinently added, is to appeal to the common sense of the electors of the country. Severely arraigning the Government attitude on the fiscal question, Sir Henry announced that Mr. John Morley would in a few days introduce a comprehensive amendment covering the whole situation. The text of this amendment is as follows:

It is our duty, however, humbly to present to your Majesty that our effective deliberation on financial services is impaired by conflicting declarations from your Majesty's Ministers. We respectfully submit the judgment of this House that the removal of protective duties has for more than half a

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century actively conduced to the vast extension of the trade and commerce of the realm and the welfare of the population, and this House believes that while the needs for improvement are still manifold and urgent, any return to protective duties, and more particularly when imposed on the food of the people, would be deeply injurious to the national strength, contentment, and well-being.

❀

**British Army Reform**

The plan of British army reform recommended by Mr. Arnold-Forster, the present War Secretary, reverses the plan of Mr. Brodrick, the late War Secretary. The latter declared that the army must repel invasion and hence be an essential part of home defense. But Mr. Arnold-Forster says that the regular army is intended for work over-sea—in India, for instance. The invasion of England need not be feared so long as England's navy is kept in proper order. The militia and the volunteers can defend England. In the new plan the part of the army which is permanently on a war footing is to serve abroad; the reserve force is to serve at home. The foreign force is to be enlisted for eight years; the reserve for three, and without any liability for foreign service. The office of Commander-in-Chief is to be abolished; an Inspector-General appointed instead, together with an Army Board. Some of these changes have already been effected by royal authority. All the heads of departments of the War Office received letters of dismissal last week, and were informed that they will be employed elsewhere. Among those appointed to the new Army Board are the War Secretary with his three Under Secretaries, Generals Neville, Douglas, Plumer, and Murray. The army reforms are thus far-reaching, and will, we believe, prove salutary.

❀

**The Fight Against Corruption in Delaware**

Mr. J. Edward Addicks, in an article recently published over his signature, has given notice to the Regular Republicans in Delaware that they need expect no more overtures of "peace and unity" from him. "Straight Union Republican candidates," he says, "pledged to vote for J. Edward Addicks first, last, and all the time, will be nominated in every legislative district in the State, and all who do not like this policy can vote some other ticket." It was hardly necessary for Mr. Addicks to make another formal declaration of war, inasmuch as there has never been an interval of peace. The reputable Republicans of Delaware—the men who are opposed to wholesale bribery and vote-buying—have fought Mr. Addicks steadily for a period of ten years, and they will carry the fight to a finish. They will elect their own delegates to the National Republican Convention in Chicago, and will strive there to obtain recognition; but even if they should fail to get it, they will nevertheless contest the State. In order to throw the electoral vote of Delaware to the Presidential candidate of the Republican party, they are willing to adopt as their own the electors of the Union faction, with the single exception of Mr. Addicks. They will not vote for him as Presidential elector, nor will they enter into any compromise on the State ticket. If, therefore, Mr. Addicks insists upon being one of the electors, Delaware will certainly not cast more than two Republican votes in the electoral college. The contest in the State will doubtless result in a more or less complete victory for the Democrats, inasmuch as neither of the Republican factions is strong enough to win alone. There seems to be a feeling of uneasiness and anxiety among the followers of Mr. Addicks with regard to his financial condition. They fear that the recent depreciation in the value of speculative stocks has so impaired his resources that he will not be able to pay as liberally as heretofore for votes and service. If such should be the case, there might be a speedy disintegration of the Union Republican party, and a final elimination of Mr. Addicks from the field of Delaware politics.

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**Election of United States Senator in Maryland**

The Legislature of Maryland elected as United States Senator last week, in place of Louis E. McComas, Isidor Rayner, of Baltimore, the nominee of the Democratic caucus. Mr. Rayner received all the votes of the eighty-eight Democratic legislators pres-

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ent, while the thirty-eight Republicans voted for Mr. McComas. The apparent unanimity with which the Democrats supported Mr. Rayner in the Legislature would seem to indicate that there was no Democratic opposition to his candidacy, and that he was the choice of the whole party; but his nomination in the caucus appears to have been the outcome of a bitter partisan fight between his independent friends on one side and the old Democratic State machine, under the direction of United States Senator Gorman, on the other. The machine, it is said, might have defeated Mr. Rayner in the caucus if it had worked harmoniously for ex-Governor John Walter Smith; but Senator Gorman, for reasons of his own, threw his influence in favor of a third candidate—Bernard Carter—and thus divided the strength of the machine forces, so that it became possible for the independents to secure the nomination of Rayner. The result of the fight has no great political significance, except in its bearing upon the prospects of Senator Gorman as a possible candidate for the Presidency. The split in his party, the defeat of his candidate, and the nomination and election of an independent whom he opposed, have weakened his influence as a leader and proportionately lessened his chances as a Presidential candidate, for the reason that it is now doubtful whether he will have the hearty and unanimous support of his own party in his own State. His friends, however, assert that the factional dissensions which preceded the Senatorial election will soon be harmonized; that Mr. Gorman's influence as a leader is unimpaired; that his State will support him loyally, and that Mr. Rayner, who is an eloquent speaker, may even go to St. Louis to place him in nomination for the Presidency. The Republicans of Maryland, on the other hand, regard the election of an independent Democrat to the United States Senate as a severe blow to Mr. Gorman's prestige. Mr. Rayner, who will be remembered as leading counsel for Admiral Schley in the Sampson-Schley court of inquiry, will take his seat in the United States Senate on the 4th of March, 1905.

**Altering the Anti-Trust Law**

Senator Foraker has introduced in the Senate an amendment to the Anti-Trust Law which is so important that we print it entire, italicizing the passages which appear to us of special significance:

> That nothing in the act to regulate commerce approved February 4, 1887, or in the act to protect foreign trade and commerce against unlawful restraints and monopolies, approved July 2, 1890, or in any act amendatory of either of said acts, shall hereafter *apply to foreign commerce*, or shall prohibit any act or any contract in restraint of trade or commerce among the several States, provided that *such restraint be reasonable*, or shall hereafter authorize imprisonment or forfeiture of property as punishment for any violation of said acts, except for perjury or contempt of court.

The notion that Mr. Foraker has introduced this measure at the request of the President, or that it has his approval, seems to be conclusively negatived by the opinion which has been elicited from Attorney-General Knox respecting it, an opinion which he gave to the President a year ago, when a similar measure was proposed, and which he now reaffirms. From this opinion we quote, because it puts clearly and tersely what seem to us conclusive objections to the amendment:

> The amendment also proposes to repeal the Inter-State Commerce Law and the Anti-Trust Law, so far as foreign commerce is concerned. This would result in giving foreign commerce an advantage over our domestic commerce. By means of such a power the tariff protection will be largely nullified. It is well known that the steamship companies and railroads have in instances combined so that foreign traffic has been carried from Berlin to Chicago at rates 60 per cent. lower than similar goods made in this country could be transported from New York to Chicago. Tin has frequently been carried from Wales to Chicago at a lower rate than the railroads would carry tin manufactured in Pittsburg to Chicago. Boots, clothing, hardware, etc., from Germany have been carried through to San Francisco at rates 66 per cent. lower than was charged by the railroad carrier on similar manufactures of our own country from Atlantic ports to San Francisco.
>
> While it may be a wise policy to incorporate the rule of reasonableness into the regulation by law of contracts between individuals and contracts of industrial corporations which are private corporations, that rule has never been applied to what are known as quasi-public corporations—rail-

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roads, for example, which exercise public functions and enjoy public rights. They owe duties to the public as the consideration of the grant to them of public franchises, among which is the duty to refrain from restraining competition in rates, service, and facilities. This amendment would tend to relieve them from many of their most important duties to the public. Its enactment, instead of being a protection to commerce, would be to effect an undoing of very much of the most important remedial legislation of the last fifteen years.

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**Senator Foraker's Mistake**

Regarded as "politics," this proposed alteration, which is no amendment, appears to us exceedingly unwise. The popular sentiment against monopoly is not lessened because it is less vocal. There is a general impression that Congress has taken some effective steps toward restraining and regulating monopoly, if not toward absolutely preventing it, and the people are inclined to wait patiently to see what are the results of last year's legislation before demanding more. But if they should become convinced that Congress is inclined to take any backward step, and especially if they should become convinced that Congress proposes to sacrifice domestic interests to foreign markets, and to lessen the responsibility of the great public corporations such as the inter-State railroads, Congress would hear from the people, especially those of the great West, a protest by the side of which previous protests against railroad monopoly would appear but as mild murmurs of disapprobation. The direction in which the public want to see Congress act leads toward increased, not lessened, control of monopolies. The next act required by public opinion of Congress is a bestowment of power on the Inter-State Railroad Commission, endowing it with judicial or quasi-judicial functions, giving it powers analogous to those possessed by the Canadian Commission, and enabling it on complaint to change any rate of freight, on inter-State railroads, which the Commission holds to be unreasonable, and requiring the road to comply with the requirement pending an appeal. If this power should be set in operation and should be proved to be practicable and effective, it will then be time enough to take off the too slight restrictions now imposed on the great railroad combinations.

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**Governor Taft's Report**

The last report of Governor Taft on the Philippine Islands was sent to the Senate by the President on the same day on which Governor Taft took charge of the War Department. The recommendations made by Governor Taft should receive from Congress not merely respectful consideration, but acceptance as the views of the best-informed man in the world on this subject. Whatever may be the feeling of some of the military officers in the Philippines as to the formation of a civil government whose main object is to give the Filipinos self-government as fast as they are able to undertake it, there has been no serious criticism of Governor Taft's ability as an administrator or his wisdom in meeting problems as they have occurred. The recommendations upon which most stress is laid by Governor Taft are: The reduction of the tariff on sugar and tobacco imported into this country from the Philippine Islands to not more than twenty-five per cent. of the present Dingley rates on tobacco and sugar coming from foreign countries; approval of the issue by the Philippine Commission of bonds for permanent improvements, not to exceed in amount five million dollars; giving to the Philippine Commission, subject to the approval of the President and Secretary of War, control over the shipping in the trade between the islands; and the postponement for the present of the application of the United States coastwise navigation laws to inter-island trade. Other recommendations are intended, if adopted, to encourage railroad construction, agriculture, and mining in the islands, in the first place by giving a guarantee by the Philippine Government of income on investment bonds, in the other cases by changing the laws so as to make commercial transactions less restricted than they now are. Of the general condition of the islands Governor Taft says that the worst is past as regards short food supply and

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the ensuing distress, and that this has been largely brought about by the action of the Government in breaking a corner in rice by buying rice from foreign markets; that ladronism has almost ceased; that a law has been passed to deal with the trouble caused by the presence of dissolute vagrant Americans; that the number of friars in the islands has been reduced by about four-fifths; that the religious situation has been greatly benefited by the coming of American Roman Catholic Bishops and the waning of the power of the friars; that school attendance has increased wonderfully, so that there is still need of expending several million dollars for school-houses and multiplying the number of teachers by seven; that the cholera epidemic which swept away 100,000 people is decreasing because of sanitary precautions; and, finally, that the time is ripe for a period of great railroad and highway construction.

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**Ex-Secretary Whitney** The death of Mr. William C. Whitney at his home in this city, on Tuesday of last week, recalled the extraordinary promise and performance of his earlier career, as well as the disappointing phases of the close of his life. A New Englander by birth, the son of General James S. Whitney, who was at one time Superintendent of the Springfield Arsenal and later Collector of the Port of Boston, Mr. Whitney was prepared for college at Williston Seminary, and graduated from Yale in 1863 in a class which included a number of well-known men, and in which he took high position. Two years later Mr. Whitney was graduated from the Harvard Law School. Coming directly to New York, he entered a law office, and his talent for his profession was so evident that he rapidly gathered an important clientage. His defense of the editors of the "Round Table" against a suit brought by Charles Reade for libel on account of the severe criticism of "Griffith Gaunt" brought him into public notice. Mr. Whitney soon became expert as a corporation lawyer, and his professional connections with large corporations were numerous and important. At the beginning of the campaign against the Tweed Ring, Mr. Whitney cast in his fortune with the Reform Democrats in New York City, and for the next few years was closely associated with Mr. Tilden. In 1875 he was appointed by Mayor Wickham to the office of Corporation Counsel, and was twice reappointed. He was conspicuous in organizing the Young Men's Democratic Club and the Irving Hall Democratic Club, and later he aided in organizing the County Democracy. In the Corporation Counsel's office he showed remarkable power of despatching business, and his skill and energy were of the greatest importance to the city in a critical time. It was not, however, until Mr. Whitney entered Mr. Cleveland's first Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy that his genius for organization, his remarkable knowledge of men, and his great practical efficiency became known to the country at large. If Secretary Chandler was the originator of the new navy and in a sense its father, Mr. Whitney was its real organizer. It was he who, with indefatigable energy, patience, and skill in putting the right men in the right places and persuading men with whom he had anything to do to do their work promptly and well, made the American navy an instrument of modern warfare. At the close of Mr. Cleveland's second campaign Mr. Whitney retired from politics and turned his attention to street railways in New York City, in which he already had a large interest. To those interests, and to the business interests that grew out of them or were affiliated with them, Mr. Whitney devoted the remainder of his life. For politics he substituted racing and social interests, keeping his hand at the same time on great business enterprises. Mr. Whitney's later career was a disappointment to many of his friends and to the public at large. Possessed of conspicuous ability, of a very attractive personality, living in the greatest city in the country and one of the most influential States, and of independent fortune, Mr. Whitney might have deeply influenced the life of the country through its political policies. His exchange of

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this great stage for the smaller stage on which his later life was lived was accompanied by a certain lowering of ideals, a certain decline of power. The country cannot spare men of Mr. Whitney's ability; even when a sacrifice is involved, such men ought to place the use of their talents at the service of the commonwealth.

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**The Baltimore Fire**

The fire which has laid waste the business section of Baltimore can be compared in the extent of property loss only with that which in 1871 destroyed three square miles of buildings in Chicago, with a money loss of $190,000,000, and that which devastated sixty-five acres in Boston in 1872, with a loss of about $80,000,000. Unlike those two historic city conflagrations, that in Baltimore seems, as we write, to have involved the loss of only one life—in the Chicago fire not far from two hundred and fifty lives were lost. The origin of the fire in Baltimore was a series of explosions in the dry-goods store of John E. Hurst & Co. Just what caused these explosions seems uncertain (in some accounts gas is said to have been the explosive), and a close examination into this point must be the starting-point of investigation. It is certain that when the fire, fanned by a high wind, spread to buildings near by, wholesale drug houses, distilleries, warehouses filled with chemicals and with other inflammable material, quickly caught fire, and a terrible series of explosions followed, and for the time drove back the firemen. It is more than probable that one of the most striking lessons of the fire will be to warn city authorities to be rigorous in the laws controlling the storing and handling of combustibles and explosives. The business center of a large city would seem to be the worst place in the world for such things; to store gunpowder or nitro-glycerine in large quantities in a city would be thought the height of recklessness; yet there are many chemicals hardly less dangerous when attacked by heat or allowed to mingle when set loose by breakage. From the start of the fire at eleven o'clock Sunday morning, Baltimore was for more than a day in a state of fear and danger. Great business buildings, banks, several newspaper offices, the finest hotel, a seventeen-story "sky-scraper" (the Continental Trust Company Building), and a large number of fine modern office edifices—all were swept away in a fierce furnace heat against which neither stone nor steel could stand. In all, perhaps a thousand buildings were destroyed. By a fortunate turn of the wind, the City Hall and Post-Office were saved and the Court-House spared from total loss. Estimates of the money loss range from $50,000,000 to $200,000,000. The fire insurance companies have not had such a blow for thirty years. The maintaining of order was promptly given over in part to the militia. Help was sent by fire departments as far away as New York City—no fewer than ten engines and hook-and-ladder companies were sent from New York. With this help and by the liberal use of dynamite in blowing up buildings the fire was checked on Monday noon and seemed then to be under control. The citizens of Baltimore will have the sympathy of the entire country; and beyond doubt the enterprise and energy of the sixth city in the United States will enter upon the task of reconstruction as actively as did Chicago after its similar disaster.

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## "The Philippines for the Filipinos"

We have received a petition addressed to both the great political parties, asking them to insert in their platforms a plank declaring in favor of the ultimate independence of the Filipinos. This petition is based upon the assumption that ultimate independence is something which either is greatly to be desired for the Filipinos, or at least will certainly be greatly desired by them. We see no evidence to believe that either assumption is true. In national affairs, as in individual affairs, it is generally best not to attempt to settle questions before they arise. It is probable that at the time of the Louisiana purchase the people of Louisiana, who were largely French and Spanish, would have expressed themselves in favor of ultimate independence.

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It is certain that before the time came when ultimate independence could have been possible, the people of Louisiana would have been hostile to it, and would have greatly suffered from it. There are special reasons why it is for the interest of the Filipinos that their relation to the United States should be left to be settled by agreement between themselves and the United States, when they have reached a common national consciousness, and that the settlement should not be embarrassed by any previous commitment, either on their part or on ours.

Simultaneously with this petition we receive the complete official report of Governor Taft's remarkable address delivered at Manila on the eve of his departure from the Philippines. We wish that this address might be reprinted as a Government document and widely distributed in this country. Three points made by it ought ever to be kept in mind by loyal and liberty-loving Americans: First, by our treaty with Spain we assumed sovereignty over the Philippines, with all the obligations which such sovereignty involves. This treaty, it will be remembered, was ratified by two-thirds of the Senate, and by Democratic as well as Republican votes. Second, among the obligations which this sovereignty imposes is "the Philippines for the Filipinos," which Governor Taft thus defines: "Now, what is meant by the principle, 'the Philippines for the Filipinos'? Only this, that every measure, whether in the form of law or an executive order, before its adoption, should be weighed in the light of this question: Does it make for the welfare of the Filipino people or does it not? If it does not make for the welfare of the Filipino people, then it ought not to be enacted or executed. The doctrine as interpreted in the light of these authoritative declarations assumes that the Filipino people are of future capacity but not of present fitness for self-government, and that they may be taught by the gradual extension of self-government to exercise the conservative self-restraints without which popular government is impossible." Third, the Philippines for the Filipinos "does not"—we quote again from Governor Taft—"include, necessarily, the independence of the Filipinos, nor any particular degree of autonomy. It is entirely consistent with the principle to object to an immediate extension of popular government on the ground that we are going too fast for the political digestion of the people and that it is not, therefore, for their good. Whether an autonomy or independence or quasi-independence shall ultimately follow in these islands ought to depend solely on the question, Is it best for the Filipino people and their welfare? It is my sincere belief that when America shall have discharged her duty toward the Philippines, shall have reduced the tariff, and made the commercial bonds between the two countries close and profit-giving to both, the Filipinos will love the association with the mother country and will be the last to desire a severance of those ties." This opinion The Outlook has long entertained, and all that we can learn concerning the progress of opinion in the Philippines confirms it.

The American people do not wish to see the Filipinos a subject people. They do not wish to see the Philippines in any way approximating the status of a crown colony of Great Britain. The Republican party has made it very clear, by the utterances of its public men, and still more by its executive action, that it desires to see self-government established as rapidly as possible in the Philippine Archipelago. It is for this purpose laying the foundations of self-government in a public-school system, in the separation of Church and State, in the practical solution of the friar land problem, and in the preliminary steps for the organization of a Filipino Legislature. When these preliminary steps have been taken, both the Filipinos and the Americans will be better able than now to judge whether the United States can, by maintaining vital relations with the Filipinos, promote justice, liberty, equal rights, and commercial prosperity in those islands. If so, The Outlook hopes we shall continue to maintain such relations. Nor do we think that we are shut up to the alternative of making the Philippines either a dependent

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colony or a State within the Union. There are other alternatives which already appear measurably clear to us. A commercial union insuring the American market for Philippine products; an American protectorate securing the Philippines against both foreign aggression and native revolution, and intrusting all their foreign affairs to American direction and control; a common agreement under which all questions between the Philippines and the United States should be submitted to judicial decision; provisions securing for the Philippines a public-school system and all the civil rights involved in Anglo-Saxon civilization; and all this accompanied by a local self-government analogous to that enjoyed by a State of the Union, would probably secure to the Filipinos a much larger prosperity, both material and moral, than could be secured by independence.

The petitioners to the two political parties should change the petition to one in favor of a plank committing both parties to the principle, "The Philippines for the Filipinos," as that principle is defined both by the words and the acts of Governor Taft.

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# Political Candidates

## Democratic Nominees

The division in the Democratic party appears to us to be far more radical than that in the Republican party. If it were a difference respecting candidates, they might both be dropped and another candidate nominated. If it were a difference respecting political expediency, a compromise would be possible. If it were even a difference respecting some one principle, as free silver, both wings might consent to leave that principle in abeyance and unite on other principles upon which they are agreed. But the difference appears to us to be one of aim and purpose and tendency. Where the Missouri and Mississippi Rivers come together, the line of demarcation between the two streams is sharply marked; but twenty miles or so below, the two currents have flowed together and no line any longer exists between them. But on the Alleghany ridge there are springs side by side one of which flows into the Ohio River and so into the Gulf of Mexico, the other into the Juniata and so into the Atlantic Ocean. The longer the flow, the farther they are separated from each other. Such seems to us to be the case with the Cleveland and the Bryan Democracy. They not only are represented by typically different men; they not only represent characteristically different constituencies; they not only stand for different political policies: they have radically different aims and are moving in widely different and almost opposite directions. Mr. Cleveland used all the patronage at his disposal to establish the gold standard, Mr. Bryan stumped the country for free silver; Mr. Cleveland opposed the Americanization of Hawaii and would have overthrown the Hawaiian Republic if he could, Mr. Bryan went to Washington to persuade Democratic Senators to vote for the treaty which imposed on us the duty of giving to the Filipinos free institutions; Mr. Cleveland exerted the whole authority of the Federal Government to put down the labor riots in Chicago, Mr. Bryan has taken stronger ground as the advocate of organized labor than any other public leader of National reputation; Mr. Cleveland believes in leaving the adjustment of the relations between capital and labor to the operation of natural law, Mr. Bryan in more vigorous and efficient anti-trust legislation than any as yet enacted; Mr. Cleveland represents the conservatism of vested interests, Mr. Bryan the radicalism of popular demands; Mr. Cleveland stands for the principles of Jeffersonian Democracy modified by the conditions of the twentieth century, Mr. Bryan for the principles of the Social Democracy of Europe modified by the conditions of American life; Mr. Cleveland is an individualist in politics, it is not unjust to say that Mr. Bryan is the most eloquent and the most distinguished representative of American socialistic tendencies.

How these men and the constituencies which they represent can unite in the approaching election we are at a loss to see. To suppose that they will put their

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convictions aside in a common effort to secure political control and political patronage is to discredit their sincerity. To suppose that they will follow the lead of Senator Gorman in a campaign based upon the race issue is to attribute to both constituencies a hostility to the negro which neither constituency possesses. They might agree on a "dark horse," but can they agree on a dark platform? It is possible that they might be silent on other issues and unite in a demand for a radical tariff revision, but Mr. Bryan's recent addresses do not indicate that he regards the tariff issue as the absorbing issue, and in this respect we judge that the American people agree with him. If either wing triumphs in the Convention, it can have but a half-hearted support from the other wing. There might be no bolt; but present appearances indicate that Cleveland Democrats would prefer the triumph of the Republican party to that of Bryan Democracy, and Bryan Democrats would prefer the triumph of the Republican party to that of Cleveland Democracy. And from their points of view both would be right, since Roosevelt Republicanism is neither as individualistic as Clevelandism nor as socialistic as Bryanism.

Under these circumstances, schemes for carrying a doubtful State by a candidate selected for that purpose appear to us to be rather the devices of politicians than the plans of statesmen. The Democratic party must first ascertain what it stands for; at present it is like a magnet with two poles pointing in opposite directions. Will Clevelandism or Bryanism control the Democratic Convention?—that is the real question, and at present no one can answer it. Mr. Cleveland's nomination is entirely improbable; his name is used because it is a good name to conjure by in lining up the individualistic forces in the Convention. Mr. Hearst's candidature is not to be taken seriously, except that it is of course possible that Mr. Hearst and Mr. Bryan may unite their forces in the Convention to defeat Clevelandism. Senator Gorman represents nothing but himself, the spoils of office, and hostility to the negro—not a platform likely to arouse popular enthusiasm. Judge Parker might be nominated on a compromise platform, but a compromise platform does not seem probable. If a compromise platform is possible, Mr. McClellan would probably be as popular a candidate as could be found to put upon it. He would be approved in the South, would be as likely as any Democratic candidate to carry New York State, and has, so far as we know, neither done nor said anything especially to antagonize either the Bryan or the Cleveland wing.

But The Outlook hopes that there may be no compromise. It is for the interest of the country that there should be a vigorous and united party in opposition to the Republican party. But to be vigorous it must be united; and to be really united it must have certain principles and certain purposes to which it is supremely loyal. Only such a party can present to the country a clearly defined issue which the country can debate and on which it can register its judgment. The Republican party stands for a gold standard, a high protective policy, governmental supervision and control of aggregate wealth, and a policy which may be defined as a policy of expansion, as it is illustrated by our various course in Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Hawaii, and the Philippines. We want to see the party in opposition strong enough to furnish a vigorous debate on some if not all these propositions. We therefore want to see it really and not merely formally united. And if it is to be really and not merely formally united, it must decide definitely and positively whether it commits itself to the principles and the leaders of an individualistic or to those of a socialistic democracy.

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# Two Novels: a Contrast

Those people—and their number is increasing—who refuse to become partisans in matters of art, and insist on the inalienable right of the human mind to enjoy every kind of excellence, will find pleasure not only in the good workmanship of two novels which have recently come from the press, but in the breadth of contrast between them. Two stories

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could hardly be further apart than Miss Glasgow's "The Deliverance" and Mr. Harland's "My Friend Prospero;" the first a serious, dramatic, carefully made study of certain aspects of social conditions in Virginia at the close of the Reconstruction period, the second a piece of delicate invention, an airy romance as unsubstantial as a dream, but, like Miss Sherwood's "Daphne," well worth dreaming. "Of all peoples," said Goethe, "the Greeks have dreamt the dream of life the best." To the most uncompromising realist there come times when he realizes in his own experience that we "are such stuff as dreams are made of," and that no man keeps his soul alive in the routine of work without the visitation of dreams. Provided only a man's dreams bear the touch of high imagination and of the ideal in life and manners, they are projections of his truest self. A world without romance would be as monotonous as a world without humor, and as dreary as a world without those soft lights of dawn and those splendors of sunset that give the prosaic day a touch of poetry at the beginning and the end.

There is a breath of romance in every novel that really lives, no matter how close the study of life may be nor what clearness and substance of observation may enter into it. Miss Glasgow has never evaded the facts of experience as she understood them, and her earliest stories awoke the apprehension that she might fasten attention so exclusively on some of the darker aspects of life as to lose a large and true perspective. Her later fiction has registered a notable sanity and growth, and she has made a place for herself among contemporary American writers by virtue of the fresh interest of her material and the vigor and vitality of her treatment of that material.

Mr. Page has given us charming transcriptions of the social ideals of Virginia before the war; short stories so full of feeling, of sympathy, and of charm that they are likely to find a permanent place in our literature. In "Red Rock" he has given a study of the Reconstruction period which the historian of the future will value as a human document of high importance. Miss Glasgow has worked in the same field, but in an entirely different vein. In "The Voice of the People" she sketched the rise of a man of the poorer class to influence, respect, and power through his own integrity, courage, and tenacity of purpose; a self-made man coming to his own in a society still dominated by aristocratic ideals. In "The Battle-Ground" she drew a graphic picture of the tragedy of the Civil War as it swept with devastating fury through the old social order. In "The Deliverance," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Co., she presents another aspect of the wreck of old conditions and the rise of a new order effected by the same tremendous experience. The story as a social study brings vividly before the mind the tragedy of the ancestral home in the possession of the vulgar overseer, while the heir, a farm laborer, lives in poverty within sight of the great chimneys which symbolize the generous hospitality of his fathers. As a piece of fiction the story draws its interest from the elemental passion of hate which grows hot and murderous out of these conditions, and from the still more elemental passion of love which performs again its blessed work of redemption and effects the final deliverance.

In this novel Miss Glasgow has made her readers realize for the first time the heartbreaking tragedy of a generation of young men of natural force and charm deprived of all educational opportunity, and left to face the world not only without means but without training. To a great group of men now in middle life the bitterest memory of the war is the closing of schools and colleges and the blighting poverty which sent so many youth into active life without the training which their fathers had enjoyed for generations.

It is not difficult to find defects in Miss Glasgow's story; but there is so much power and promise, such passion and vitality, in it, that it is to be counted one of the real achievements in recent fiction; a novel singularly vivid in its picture of tragic social transition, singularly powerful in its frank, bold, vigorous handling of those phases of experience

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which a good many American novelists have evaded or failed to discern. Miss Glasgow has still something to learn as an artist, but she is very richly endowed with the qualities of the true novelist: feeling for life, the dramatic sense, the power and the courage of passion.

Mr. Harland is to be counted an American in spite of his long residence in London and on the Continent; and his later work, "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" and "My Friend Prospero," may be accepted as cumulative evidence of the American capacity for assimilation and the quickness and deftness of American talent. One admired "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" as one admires a deft, dextrous, and charming bit of delicate art on a fan or vase or a piece of metal in a palace or museum; and one admires and enjoys "My Friend Prospero" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), not because it is serious or true or a transcription of experience, but because it is none of these things. It does not pretend to range itself with the "human documents" in fiction; it is a bit of play, a piece of airy invention, a charming tale charmingly told to beguile the imagination and take the reader away from the prose of life. To judge such a tale by the standards which one applies to stories that set out to report life as the literalists see it betrays lack both of discernment and of humor. Mr. Harland's novel is not for the solemn-minded, although they are the persons who most deeply need its gayety, its grace, its wit, and its entire and captivating improbability.

It is a great mistake to suppose that children are the only class for whom playgrounds and recreation piers ought to be provided; the instinct for play and the need of it never die out of the healthy man or woman. They who have lost the ability to play are fit for all manner of treasons against the comfort and happiness of their fellows; they are likely to become oppressive and unbalanced reformers who set back the cause of righteousness by making virtue insuperably uncharitable and fanatical, or wearisome repeaters of ancient saws from whom men flee as from a pestilence, or tiresome *poseurs* who persuade themselves that they are patriots because they never speak of the country without taking on a Fourth-of-July expansiveness of speech. If humor is a great preservative of sanity, play is an immense aid in keeping the brain clear of fanaticisms, the speech free from exaggerations and verbal pretentiousness, the heart warm and gentle and true.

For those who rush for ferryboats and jostle one another in cable cars, and are in constant peril of limb and life from their own haste or the haste of other persons as misguided as themselves, there is not only delight but sanity in breathing the air of the garden of an Italian monastery among the hills, and feeling the charm of the fifteenth-century artists, and making love to a charming princess in a world of flowers and birds and sunshine, and in the blessed leisure which makes delicate sentiment and the play of wit and the civilizing influence of good manners possible.

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# The Goodness of Life

The blind often have a remarkable power of vision. One of the most striking of Maeterlinck's plays, "Les Aveugles," brings out in a very pathetic way the singular divination of a situation which the blind often possess. In that symbolic drama the pathos of the desolation and helplessness of the little group of the blind left alone forever by the death of their guide and teacher is brought out with searching power; and the contrast which the subtle genius of the dramatist evokes between the peril of the blind and their helplessness is so poignant that it is almost too painful to bear. In striking contrast to this play, as well as to a great deal of current thought, is Miss Helen Keller's "Optimism," which bears the imprint of Messrs. T. Y. Crowell & Co.; the book of a young girl not yet out of college, and stamped, therefore, with a certain immaturity, but full of promise, and revealing that insight which those who know Miss Keller always feel when they are in her presence. The value of this bit of sunshine in the light of which Miss Keller interprets

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life lies in the fact that it comes out of such dense darkness. It is the work of a girl bereft of sight, of hearing, and of speech, locked originally in a dungeon from which there seemed to be no escape. By an education as remarkable as any in the history of the liberation of the human spirit, Miss Keller has come to know languages, to comprehend life, to secure a command of one great instrument of expression remarkable for a girl of her years, and to turn what was apparently an irremediable misfortune into general stimulus and an immense source of comfort to others. There is a German phrase which runs, "My misfortune was my good fortune," and Miss Keller has given a new rendering to this ancient fact in human experience.

The world is filled with men and women who are crying out against life, protesting against their burdens, and filling the air with lamentations and upbraiding of Providence, whose limitations are not for a moment to be compared with those under which Miss Keller labors. Her little book is a protest against the cowardice and weak egotism which permits men to look at the universe from the point of view of their own passing experience and to declaim against the possibility of Infinite Wisdom or Infinite Love because at the moment they are passing through some painful phase of life, and rebelling against their suffering without the slightest comprehension of its possible issue in their spiritual development. Every mature man or woman knows scores of instances in which what appeared to be a misfortune has turned out to be the beginning of a prosperity; and yet scores of men and women continue to cry aloud instead of bracing their wills, bearing their burdens in silence, and giving the world what it so sorely needs, the stimulus of brave example and the sunshine of good cheer. When things are at their worst, men and women show their real quality. If society is as bad and life as hopeless as some of the pessimists declare, then there rests on them the duty of heroism, of leading the forlorn hope, of keeping up the losing fight, loyal to great ideals when nothing is left save the self-respect that comes from loyalty. Miss Keller's book is to be commended to all those who think they are too heavily laden; who are holding Infinite Wisdom responsible for the results of their own incapacity or lack of fidelity. Her testimony is that of an expert in sorrow and limitation:

Most people measure their happiness in terms of physical pleasure and material possession. Could they win some visible goal which they have set on the horizon, how happy they would be! Lacking this gift or that circumstance, they would be miserable. If happiness is to be so measured, I who cannot hear or see have every reason to sit in a corner with folded hands and weep. If I am happy in spite of my deprivations, if my happiness is so deep that it is a faith, so thoughtful that it becomes a philosophy of life; if, in short, I am an optimist, my testimony to the creed of optimism is worth hearing. As sinners stand up in meeting and testify to the goodness of God, so one who is called afflicted may rise up in gladness of conviction and testify to the goodness of life. Once I knew the depth where no hope was, and darkness lay on the face of all things. Then love came, and set my soul free. Once I knew only darkness and stillness. Now I know hope and joy. Once I fretted and beat myself against the wall that shut me in. Now I rejoice in the consciousness that I can think, act, and attain heaven. My life was without past or future; death, the pessimist would say, "a consummation devoutly to be wished." But a little word from the fingers of another fell into my hand that clutched at emptiness, and my heart leaped to the rapture of living. Night fled before the day of thought, and love and joy and hope came up in a passion of obedience to knowledge. Can any one who has escaped such captivity, who has felt the thrill and glory of freedom, be a pessimist?

My early experience was thus a leap from bad to good. If I tried, I could not check the momentum of my first leap out of the dark; to move breast forward is a habit learned suddenly at that first moment of release and rush into the light. With the first word I used intelligently, I learned to live, to think, to hope. Darkness cannot shut me in again. I have had a glimpse of the shore, and can now live by the hope of reaching it.

So my optimism is no mild and unreasoning satisfaction. A poet once said I must be happy because I did not see the bare, cold present, but lived in a beautiful dream. I do live in a beautiful dream; but that dream is the actual, the present—not cold but warm; not bare, but furnished with a thousand blessings. The very evil which the poet supposed would be a cruel disillusionment is necessary to the fullest knowledge of joy. Only by contact with evil could I have learned t feel by contrast the beauty of truth and love and goodness.

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# The Spectator

Two titles of little travel books have always been found pleasing by the Spectator—Thackeray's "Cornhill to Cairo" and Aldrich's "Ponkapog to Pesth." Both are alliterative, as the quick eye and acute ear of the reader have already detected, and possibly Aldrich's would be the better, had it been the earlier. The charm of each phrase lies in the coupling of the homely with the bizarre, the familiar with the romantic; and perhaps the more unknown member of each couple is the gem to which its fellow is no more than a foil.

❀

Yet the Spectator has ever found in the familiar itinerary delights as great as those presented by journeys in less-known regions, regions of the conventional picturesque. In either case the traveler finds what he expects, possibly because he expects what he finds. Every scene is commonplace to those who behold it every day. Even the Grand Cañon of the Colorado came to be a convenient receptacle for rubbish to the Chinese cook employed in the hotel upon its brink, and the Spectator has seen him slide potato-parings into that stupendous chasm without visible emotion. (The final adverbial clause, by the way, is true whether it be taken to apply to the observer, the observed, or the great chasm.)

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Recently the Spectator was a passenger in a train that made its daily trip along the Hudson River—a trip New Yorkers make so often that the majority of passengers hardly deign more than a glance at the Storm King himself. And the Spectator, by virtue of his office, laid aside book and magazine in order that he might see what pretty pictures should unroll themselves within the narrow confines of the car window. He was intentionally alive to the picturesque, and at first found only offense in the hideousness, the provokingly needless ugliness, of the foreground, the rubbish, the dirt, the *disjecta membra* of civilization and industry. But the soft yet brilliant coloring of the Palisades was a gentle admonition to look higher and more widely at the world. Then, the eye once caught, came the reward. The first impression was of deep tender purple, but closer seeing showed the yellowish light of the afternoon sky here and there brimming over into the purple below—making an evanescent golden fringe upon the velvety wall.

❀

The Spectator looked along the opposite bank of the river as far in each direction as the window gave view; and then suddenly he felt how much wider is the horizon of the pedestrian traveler than that of the luxurious tourist in the palace car. By the mere turn of his head, right, left, the walking tourist commands the whole horizon at will. The gulls were rising and falling over the river, and this reminded the Spectator that birds, with their two eyes nearly opposite, must see all the horizon at once, and thus receive twice the number of visual impressions that come to the self-styled lords of creation. While turning this reflection about, the Spectator recalled the discovery of a foreign specialist—that eyes see clearly only when at rest; and that idiots' eyes never rest, and presumably give only blurred impressions. But this idea, when applied to the vision of birds, bade fair to make the Spectator a mere speculator; and so he resolutely shut the mental box containing it, and returned to his own visual experiences.

❀

The weather outside was cold, and the workmen who came into view wore thick coats and mittens, and went about their tasks with a vigor that only Jack Frost has the secret of calling forth. Whereupon the Spectator was reminded of Thoreau's chopping wood to make himself a fire, only to find that the exercise made the fire unnecessary, and the chopped wood seem momentarily useless. While thus reflecting upon the economy of labor, the train passed beneath the walls of a prison and then immediately beneath those of its neighbor—a factory. Again a threatening series of thoughts presented themselves, thoughts dealing with the potentiality of the human labor behind bars, and the

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many obstacles that lay in the way of its being made of use to the world; but thereupon another mental box had to be resolutely closed, and once more the eyes were turned outward. Luckily, there was something worth the seeing. A schooner had just tacked, and was swinging obliquely across the river, bending slightly over with the stress of the wind, and thereby making itself an exponent of nature's law, visibly an interpreter of the air-current. An automobile moving in an undeviating line loses this element of the picturesque, and thus fails to be as interesting. A railway train also lacks the charm of apparent obedience to nature, except when it wears a long back-reaching plume of smoke to say to the seeing eyes, "Behold how I dash through the air!" But neither vessel nor vehicle can long keep the attention from the glorious hill background, colored more somberly in winter, but striking a deeper note in the color scale. And, fine as are the colors of the hills, they are of the earth, earthly, when compared with the sky above, the sky at which almost no one looks unless when asked, "Do you think we shall have rain?"

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The Spectator has been upon the Brooklyn Bridge cars when they have suddenly been suffused with crimson or golden light from a sunset sky that seemed a good-night blessing from heaven. Yet never an eye was raised from the thrilling accounts of the day's disgraces, disasters, and deceptions. Why are not people taught to see? We all admit that children should be led to admire good literature, good art, good music; why may they not be taught to love nature in the large? The primrose by the river is less important than the river, even to the poet; and the sky above—of all things the least subject to our defilement, the nearest omnipresent, the grandest of all nature—is it not most important of all?

❀

The Spectator is not a geologist, and finds himself gladly wondering how far downward the Palisades extend. If he were a specialist, he fears he might know, and perhaps wonder the less. Specialist knowledge has its place, but while it enjoys the reputation of profundity, it may be mere narrowness; and therefore the Spectator is inclined to doubt whether the young should not complete a course in mere reverence and wondering before they are led to cut open their toys with the laudable object of understanding exactly which wheel pushes which other wheel, and why. As a most unanalyzable subject, the sky has very evident advantages; and it is one of the very rare precincts wherein we may see nature at work. For a lawn isn't nature, and a stone wall is quite as much the work of man as the daily newspaper. Here the Spectator suddenly catches sight of the word "Repent" painted large upon the rocks, and, being left at liberty to choose the subject of repentance, he decides to repent of preaching when he meant only to enjoy and record. But, after all, don't we all enjoy a sound preachment better than most forms of discourse? The popularity of Thomas à Kempis, if it *were* he, and of the "Pilgrim's Progress" should teach us a lesson as to the taste of readers. Next to the Bible itself come these two great sermons, and their hold upon the people shows no sign of relaxing. Let us see all the beauty we can, and tell what truths we can, and all as cheerily as may be. Only the snail remains in close contact with his path, and no one compares his line of progress with that of the swallow to the disadvantage of the bird.

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The afternoon light gradually fails, the light within the railway cars gains upon its outside rival, and the Spectator can no longer play his part. He makes himself comfortable in the corner of the car-seat just as if he were no more than a common, ordinary, travel-quick-and-read-all-the-way passenger, and somehow finds the change most natural and restful. Possibly he has been flying a little above his latitude.

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# What of China?

By Chester Holcombe

Formerly Secretary of the American Legation at Peking

YEARS ago the writer of this article had an interview of some length in Tokio with a Japanese official, then high, and in more recent years higher, in favor with the Mikado. Korea had only recently emerged from centuries of rigid seclusion. To save itself from seizure and absorption by some one of the Great Powers of Europe, that peninsular kingdom had entered into treaty relations with all, thus giving each an interest, commercial and political, in its continued existence as an independent nation. France, at the end of a most disgraceful attack upon China, had incorporated Tonquin with its colony in the Far East, thereby extending it northward to the southern Chinese frontier. France had not yet robbed Siam of the western portion of its domain, nor indicated, so openly as in more recent times, that its plans of territorial aggression include the southern tier of Chinese provinces and anything still further north that may be safely seized and held.

Under these circumstances it was natural that the conversation had mainly to do with the political situation and outlook in the Far East. The Japanese Minister—he was a member of the Cabinet—was greatly disturbed at the prospect for the future. He insisted that the action taken by Korea, under the guidance of China, would not save that little kingdom from attack and absorption. Holding up one hand, and separating the first and second fingers as widely as possible from the third and fourth, he said: "Here is the situation. Those four fingers represent the four great European Powers, Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia. In the open space between them lie Japan, China, and Korea." Then, with really dramatic force, he added: "Like the jaws of a huge vise, those fingers are slowly closing, and unless some supreme effort is made, they will certainly crush the national life out of all three." He urged, with great earnestness, that the United States, Japan, and China should enter upon a mutual agreement—a tripartite alliance—to defend the independence and territorial integrity of Korea. He was told that such action would be a wide departure from the wise and long-established policy of our Government and was out of the question. China and Japan might, however, well join in the undertaking, which, if persistently and loyally adhered to, would be sufficient. Mutual jealousy and distrust, then rife between the two, prevented any such agreement.

It will probably be remembered that the original terms of the treaty of peace between China and Japan in 1895 included the cession to Japan of the island of Formosa and a small part of Manchuria. Upon these terms being made public, Russia, presumably supported by Germany and France, though they kept in the background, served notice upon the Japanese Government that "it would not be permitted to retain permanent possession of any portion of the mainland of Asia," and named a limit of forty-eight hours within which this peremptory notification must be accepted. Within that specified limit, the writer had an interview with another Cabinet Minister in Tokio. The Japanese, a friend of years' standing, gave free vent to his feelings and shed tears like a child. Said he: "If we had only three battleships, we would declare war against Russia within twenty-four hours. We have but one, recently captured from China, and it will not be fit for service within six months, while the Czar has six here in our harbors. What can we do but submit to this insolent threat?" In the course of the conversation it became very clear that the motive and purpose of the warning from the Muscovite was well understood by the Japanese Emperor and his Cabinet; that Japan was ordered away from Manchuria because the Czar proposed, when the time



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was ripe, to add that rich province and Korea to his own dominions. They understood, too, that such a purpose, if accomplished, could mean only the eventual destruction of Japanese and Chinese nationality. Here again was the same distinct recognition of a future crisis which had been so apparent in the earlier interview. And those who are fond of tracing parallels may find something to interest them in the comparison of this outspoken threat to Japan in 1895, with the unfriendly and treacherous efforts made by the Government of the Czar within the past year to frighten China into refusal to grant to the United States further commercial facilities in the shape of two additional open ports in Manchuria. With a difference in procedure, the motive was identical.

These incidents serve to show plainly what, in the judgment of the leaders of political thought in Japan, must be the final outcome of the numberless aggressions, large and petty, of the European Powers upon the rights and territories of the nations of the Far East, unless those aggressions are permanently checked. For that reason they are given here as not being out of line with the specific subject of this article. That the authorities of China and Korea are of the same opinion, though more timid in giving it expression and less confident of successful resistance, can be readily shown.

Thus the questions which must soon be settled between Japan and Korea, by diplomatic methods as all hope, but possibly by the sterner decision of war, are not of recent origin. They date far back. They involve far more than the comparatively unimportant point whether Manchuria shall retain Chinese nationality, or become Russian. That is only a single test case in a broad issue which may be framed somewhat in legal form as *Independent National Existence in the Far East versus Partition and Subordination to European Authority*. Stated in other words, the general issue is this: Shall the three independent nations still remaining in eastern Asia be allowed to continue their political existence, or shall they be cut or broken up and distributed piecemeal among the European governments? Shall they be permitted to show what they can do for themselves, under the swifter impetus and active stimulant of modern life and intercourse, in the development of a new growing life in each, or shall they be reduced to the positions of colonial dependencies, handed over to the exploitation of other remote nations, to be made use of for their profit and selfish aggrandizement? This is the issue, long in sight, which now awaits decision. The statesmen of Japan have for years been active in preparations to meet this issue. From the very day of the receipt of the Russian ultimatum in 1895, they have concentrated the entire energy of the nation to the training and equipment of a magnificent army and the creation of a first-class navy. They understand—not the leaders merely, but the rank and file, the entire population—that they may be called upon to fight for their existence as a nation, and they are ready. More than this! In asserting their own rights they have of necessity become the champions and defenders of China and Korea as well. Japan stands in the open field to-day ready and determined to prove the right, by force of arms if must be, of these three peoples of eastern Asia to independent, self-controlled life against the greed and domineering ambitions of all Europe. More directly confronting that form of political creeping palsy commonly known as Russian expansion, she is really facing the world ready to defend, at all hazards and costs, the liberties of these races of the Far East. And well she deserves the admiration and sympathy of all lovers of honesty and fair play among nations.

But in all this upheaval and uncertainty in that remote quarter of the globe, What of China? Is this Empire, so populous that any other is small by comparison, capable of organizing an army of numerous millions of men, is this Empire incapable of self-defense? Having existed, substantially in its present form, from the very dawn of time, from a period of which history gives no consistent record, and where tradition fades into myth, is it to sink at last out of sight, absorbed by Russia, or carved into fragments for distribution among

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the great land-pirates of Europe? Is the Chinese a decadent race? Is the growing-power which it once possessed exhausted, or has it still that virile force which will enable it to fall into line and step with modern life, and which will give to it a new career, more brilliant and influential even than that of its remote and famous past? In short, is China to become a second India, or another and greater Japan?

If the issue is to be decided by the temper, spirit, and avowed purpose of the leading Powers of Europe, then the former is to be the fact. A British writer, who professes, not without reason, to speak with peculiar knowledge upon the point, has said: "The real Chinese question is not at all what China may be able or willing to do with herself, but what the leading Powers of Europe may decide to do with China." Upon one occasion the writer was a fellow-traveler, over the short railway journey from Tokio to Yokohama, with five Ministers accredited from as many European Courts to the Emperor of Japan. The conversation fell upon matters in the Far East, and the writer questioned whether a certain proposition, advanced by one of his companions, would promote the development of China and Japan into first-class modern nations. "But, Monsieur," replied the French Minister at once, "it is not the policy of my Government to permit the growth of China and Japan into first-class powers." Which declaration was strongly indorsed by his colleagues, without exception. It is not to be doubted that these diplomatists spoke with full knowledge and authority, and that the remark here quoted correctly outlined the policy and purpose of at least five of those European Governments which have most to do with political and commercial affairs in the Far East.

Another practical evidence that this is the permanent policy of Europe was furnished in the readjustment of relations with China at the close of the Boxer disturbance. The Governments whose troops marched to Peking, and other Governments represented there without interests of any sort to protect, but anxious to secure as much of the plunder as possible—these last were of all the most exigent in their demands—these Governments were avowedly not at war with China. They had sent their forces into the country only to give that protection to their peoples and interests which the Chinese authorities had failed to afford. Their friendly relations with the Empire were unbroken. Having exacted an indemnity, which was right in principle but excessive in amount, they forced acceptance of an agreement that, for a specified term of years, no arms, ammunition, or munitions of war of any kind should be bought by China, or permitted to be imported. They had suppressed Boxers and Government forces alike, had stripped the disturbed area of arms, and of nearly everything else. Then, having secured new pledges for the protection of foreign life and property, they withdrew, leaving the Empire without efficient means to suppress turbulence or to guard its interests, and bound not to procure such means. China was to "make bricks without straw." The ostensible motive of this restriction was to prevent Boxers or other evil-disposed natives from procuring arms. But, taken in connection with the demand for the demolition of the fortifications at Taku, it is sufficiently evident, and indeed is not disputed, that their actual purpose was to prevent the Chinese Government from securing means of self-defense against another invasion with a different object.

The absorption of China by Russia or any other single nation is a manifest impossibility. The Empire is too large, too populous, and far too intensely hostile to any such or similar loss of national life to allow of the undertaking. Aside from this, the commercial and political interests of other Powers in the Empire are too varied and too extensive, and would be too seriously affected. Any attempt of this nature would provoke war at once. By the strong opposition upon purely selfish grounds developed in certain European countries to the attempt of Russia to assume control of Manchuria, it may easily be judged what a storm would be raised if the scheme involved the entire Empire. No Government dare even broach such

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a proposition to any other. It is too far beyond the range of possible events to be worthy of consideration.

The question of the partition of China was actively discussed as long ago as 1861. It is probable that something would have been done then had the parties to the project been able to agree upon the terms of division. It would have been comparatively easy and simple. The Government was more completely disorganized than it has been since. The people had less acquaintance with the "Western barbarians," and hence disliked them less and feared them more than they do to-day. They had acquired no such intense conviction of the unfriendly purpose and intention of European governments as has since been forced upon them. Japan did not then exist as a modern nation, and nothing was to be feared from her. There would have been fewer to consult and fewer among whom to divide the spoil. Germany did not then have its present form and aggressive force, had no treaty relations with, and substantially no interests in, China. Even Russia was far from being the Russia of to-day, and, with sharp memories of the then recent Crimean struggle in mind, it is doubtful whether the Czar would have insisted upon being considered, in any material way, in the distribution.

With the passage of each year since, the problem of partition has grown increasingly complicated and difficult, until it has become substantially impossible. It may be admitted that, were the leading Powers of Europe agreed upon division and upon the portion of spoil which each should receive, the iniquity might be successfully accomplished. But "there's the rub." Speaking to the practical question, it may safely be asserted that any attempt at partition would result in a general war, the end of which none dare prophesy. The peace of Europe depends upon the independence and territorial integrity of China, and the "open door" there. A new map of "what once was China" must mean a new map of Europe.

At present, and not including the subject of the often proposed dissection, three Great Powers are actively opposed to partition. Great Britain, having of all nations the largest commercial interests in China, has decided that the volume of its trade there is greater in the undivided Empire than it would be likely to be in the Empire partitioned, including the commerce which it could control in the large area to be secured by it in the event of division. At the same time, it has served notice upon the other cormorant Powers that, in case of dissection and distribution, it will insist upon receiving the entire valley of the Yangtse River as its share. The area thus named is the very heart, the most valuable portion, of the Empire. And this demand, if insisted upon, could hardly fail to produce war, if partition were attempted, even if no other complications should arise. Japan, as has been indicated, is bitterly hostile to any division. Her statesmen have no desire to receive any European Government as near neighbor in the Far East, and, as she rightly believes, her existence as a nation depends upon resistance to further aggressions upon the part of Europe in that quarter of the globe. The United States is hostile to the partition of China in view of its own interests there, and also from higher motives. It does not believe that any genuine requirements of civilization and progress would be met by such an outrage, and it desires that China, with Japan and Korea, be left free to work out its own future in modern history, with only such advice and assistance as may be received by it without trenching upon the right to manage its affairs in its own way. Not interference, but kindly association for mutual advantage, is the policy of the United States in China. The three Governments named can easily prevent partition if they see fit to do so.

The arguments usually advanced to justify the dismemberment of the Chinese Empire by those who favor such a course are the inefficiency and corruption of the Government, its want of good faith in fulfilling treaty obligations, and the lack of capacity or disposition, or of both, in the entire race to receive the spirit and energy of modern progress, and to fit themselves, as a nation, into any place in the world and life of to-day.

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Hence, it is argued, they should be broken in pieces and taken in training in sections by certain of the Governments of Europe which stand rather more than ready to engage in the task.

It is safe to say right here that these are not genuine arguments; that the question which influences these advocates of Chinese reform is not "what is best for China," but "what is best for our interests in China," which, by the way, is a very different matter. They care little about what that ancient empire may or may not be able or willing to do for itself. Their peculiar desire is to do for China. The genuine argument for partition is to be found only in the greed of domination and lust for gain of these Great Powers of Europe. The truth is that China offers the richest field in all history for the hunters after plunder. And the scheme of dismemberment is the natural sequence, the final and foul issue, of years of rivalry and strife among these Powers for political and commercial supremacy within the Empire.

While these arguments, advanced to justify partition, are insincere, they have had wide circulation, have been long before the world, and have obtained far too general credence. For these reasons they deserve a somewhat critical examination. But they are not merely disingenuous, they are also not justified by the facts. The proof of this will furnish sufficient answer to the second group of questions proposed: Is the Chinese a decadent race? Is its growing-power exhausted, or does it still possess that virile force which will, under favorable conditions, enable and dispose it to fall into the swift step of modern progress, and to again become a great nation?

The charge is very commonly brought that the Chinese, as a race, are indifferent to and unappreciative of the opportunities and benefits offered by intercourse with the Western world; that they are satisfied with their own antiquated ways and uncomfortable and unsanitary modes of life; and that they cannot be stirred or aroused to any desire for improvement or progress in any form. Some go so far as to assert that, could it be done, the entire nation would gladly exclude all foreigners and their improvements, shut and bar the doors of the Empire once more, and turn themselves to another Rip Van Winkle sleep of centuries. From this accusation is drawn, perhaps not unnaturally, the inference that the race is essentially stolid, doltish, unambitious, immobile, and incapable of anything higher or better than the stagnation in which it exists rather than lives. From these same complainants, and almost in the same breath, is heard the charge, quoted here from one of the most enterprising and experienced of British merchants resident in China, that all "the benefit to be derived from developing China's trade and resources will ultimately pass into the pockets of the Chinese themselves." This last bitter cry, almost universal with those interested in Chinese trade, is placed beside the first and sweeping complaint for a purpose which will readily be seen. Surely both cannot be true. If they are, and if the second means anything, it means that the Chinese, in their indifferent and incapable condition, are yet more than the equals, in commercial shrewdness and ability, of the best class of Western merchants and financiers. This is not true. But it is true that the Chinese merchant, in far-sightedness, thrift, sound business principles, and reliability, is the equal of men of his calling in any part of the world. This is cordially admitted by all who know him. What, then, becomes of the first and most damaging complaint so far as it touches the large class of Chinese merchants?

An English writer, long resident in the Far East, an ardent defender of British prestige there, in writing upon the industrial development of China, has this to say of the Chinese workingman. His exact words are quoted: "Nobody has contested the fact that the Chinese are a sober, industrious nation, standing on a high level of civilization." "The future of China will not be decided by the trained armies and ironclad fleets of Europe, but by the qualities and resources of the Chinese people." "There is not an authority who has not borne testimony to the marvelous perseverance and unflagging industry of the working

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classes in China." "This labor is given with the most astonishing cheerfulness, which can only be ascribed to the inherent energy of the Chinese race and to the respect for labor which is inculcated in the individual from infancy." "Respect for learning and scholarship, impressed on the minds of even the lowest and least educated classes, is one of the extraordinary results of the unchecked development of this ancient civilization." "To these characteristics one must add the tractableness and docility of the laboring masses in China. Having been brought up to regard obedience as a cardinal virtue, they easily submit themselves to authority." "The men will not allow themselves to be tyrannically oppressed, but are patient and reasonable, even when made to suffer injustice." That this writer is not a champion of the Chinese is shown by the fact that in the first chapter of the volume from which these quotations are made he remarks with evident apprehension that it remains to be seen whether these qualities can be turned to the permanent advantage of Western countries, or whether the Chinese will not use them for their own profit. In the last chapter he has reached the conclusion with manifest regret that the opening up of China is mainly for the benefit of the Chinese.

A British consular official who has spent a long life in China, who speaks the language, and is familiar with every part of the Empire, in summing up the character of the natives, asserts that they are as truthful and honest as the average man in Western lands, their fidelity is extraordinary, their sense of responsibility in positions of trust very keen, and that they have a very high standard of gratitude and honor. "I cannot recall a case," he says, "where any Chinese friend has left me in the lurch or played me a dirty trick, and few of us can say the same of our own colleagues and countrymen." The writer, after years of experience and intimate acquaintance with all classes of Chinese from every part of the Empire, is convinced that the characterization of the race as thus given by those who at least are not over-friendly does it only scant justice. Further evidence to any extent, and equally favorable, might be produced. And it should be added that the Chinese are intensely loyal to their country and race, that they possess, as all the world knows, a high average of intellectual ability, and in that form of economy which enables man to make much of little and to take advantage of every recognized opportunity they are probably unequaled by any people on earth.

It may be suggested that, while the masses of the Chinese common people are possessed of the good and manly qualities claimed for them, the ruling classes, and especially the Manchu dynasty, with which the control of affairs is supposed to rest, are unprogressive and incapable; hence there still exists the necessity for partition. The facts present a ready answer to this variation of the complaint. The Manchu dynasty does not control the affairs of the nation. Under the system of government, not despotic but parental, the people govern themselves. A British authority has said upon this point: "There is really no country in which the administrative functions are more completely decentralized than is the case in China. The people are accustomed to manage their own affairs and exercise a measure of local self-government which is unparalleled elsewhere." There is no ruling class. The Manchus are not preferred to Chinese for governmental positions. More than three-fourths of the entire staff of officials of every rank and grade, from police constable to Cabinet Minister, are Chinese; and, whether Chinese or Manchus, they are chosen, year by year and generation after generation, directly from the masses of the common people. Not political "pull" but literary ability of a sort, as determined by governmental examinations, is the only condition of admission to the public service. Poverty is no bar. And in China, as in the United States, the great men of the nation, the actual rulers of the Empire, have, with few exceptions, come from the very poor, have been those whose brains and bodies alike were exercised, stiffened, and developed by hardships and the compulsion of poverty when young.

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There is as much sturdy democracy, as active a determination to mind and manage their own affairs, among the common people of China as is to be found in this land.

These, then, are the qualities and characteristics of the Chinese, not of past generations, but of to-day. And it is impossible to believe that any race thus endowed can be either incapable or decadent. Such qualities have built up other great, progressive nations, they built our own, and, unless the Chinaman is something other and less than human, which no one in his senses claims, they will produce the same result in him, if he is given a reasonable opportunity. The records of the last thirty years go far to justify this contention, and to show that, even when interfered with, China is quite able to make fair speed in the march of progress. During that period, in spite of trouble with Russia in 1880—an attempt by the Czar to seize territory in the west of China; the attack by France in 1884 and the absorption of Tonquin; the war with Japan in 1894–5, the loss of Formosa, and the payment of a large indemnity; the Boxer disturbance in 1900; the practical spoliation of North China, infliction of a huge indemnity, and possible loss of Manchuria—during this period, in spite of the interruptions and losses, and an almost numberless list of petty exactions from European Governments, the Empire has been threaded in every direction with telegraph wires; all navigable streams have been supplied with steam vessels, a large proportion of which are Chinese owned; and trunk lines of railway have been contracted for and are being constructed as rapidly as the most ardent friends of progress could wish. Cotton-mills have been established, and China has become a large buyer of raw cotton in our Southern States. In almost every line of commercial intercourse with the world outside there has been a large and growing rate of increase. Surely, if steady progress in the face of adverse conditions is any test of virile force and capacity to receive the spirit of modern life, then the Chinese lack neither.

And, it may as well be said plainly, it is just here that the real trouble lies. The complaints brought forward by the advocates of partition are insincere and false to the fact. These advocates would be disturbed by neither lassitude, narcotism, nor incapacity upon the part of the Chinese. It is that active determination to mind and manage their own affairs, already mentioned, the numerous and increasing indications that the development of China will be mainly for the benefit of the Chinese, not lack of capacity but too much of it, which constitute a genuine "yellow peril" to them, a danger of loss of profits and loss of commercial control, and this causes them to seek the dismemberment of the Empire.

Those who desire to know more particularly what the Chinese think about it, how they regard the proposed dismemberment of the Empire and the extinction of their national life, are referred to the Boxer movement as furnishing a practical exposition of their views. It contained the concentrated wrath and hate of sixty years' slow growth. And it had the hearty sympathy of many, many millions of Chinese who took no active part in it. For, beyond a doubt, it represented to them a patriotic effort to save their country from foreign aggression and ultimate destruction. It is impossible in the closing lines of this article to go into any explanation of the causes which gave birth and development to this conviction. It can only be said, in brief, that the European Powers have only themselves to thank for the bitter hatred of the Chinese and the crash in which it culminated. Governmental policies outrageous and beyond excuse, scandalous diplomacy, and unprovoked attacks upon the rights and possessions of China, have been at the root of all the trouble. If the reader cares to study the history of that most gigantic and iniquitous of all schemes of spoliation, the opium traffic, which has debauched and impoverished the Chinese race in order that thousands of millions of dollars might be poured into the treasury of the British Government and the pockets of British merchants, he will be able to understand the depth and bitterness of Chinese feeling. And those who imagine that the vast population of the Empire will submit quietly to

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the partition of their country, or that any military force of moderate size could force it to acquiesce in such a scheme, can know but little of the Chinese character, of their intense love of country, or of their unconquerable tenacity of purpose. They are not opposed to modern improvements, but they fear and hate foreign domination, aggression, and spoliation.

The brightest spot in the outlook for China is in the increasing probability of alliance and affiliation with Japan. The recent war between these two empires appears to have developed a mutual respect and regard which cannot fail to be of the utmost importance to both. It need hardly be pointed out that they are natural allies in resistance to European injustice and greed. China will learn from her neighbor, and accept aid and advice from that source which would be distrusted and declined if proffered by almost any other Power. Together these two great nations of the Far East may, and it is confidently hoped will, safely confront those Governments whose schemes are hostile to both, and prove their right to manage their own affairs and determine their own destinies.

# *Theodore Roosevelt the Citizen*

## *By Jacob A. Riis*

*Author of "The Making of an American," "How the Other Half Lives," etc.*

## Chapter XI.—The Despair of Politicians

WE had been summoned to the White House, my wife and I. I say "summoned" on purpose, because we had carefully avoided Washington; it was enough for us to know that he was there. But he would not have it, and wrote threateningly that he would send a posse if we didn't come. So we went. I do not think I ever saw a prouder woman than my wife when the President took her in to dinner. I heard her ask him if her smile reached from ear to ear, because she felt like it. And I was proud and glad, for so it seemed to me that she had at last come to her rights, and I where there was nothing more to wish for. But withal I felt a bit unhappy. I had thought to do him the highest honor I could by wearing the cross King Christian gave me, but it turned out that among the dozen diplomats and other guests no one wore any decoration save myself, and I didn't like it. The President saw, I think, that I was troubled, and divined the reason in the way he has. He slipped up behind me, at the first chance, and said in my ear: "I am so much honored and touched by your putting it on for me." So he knew, and it was all right. The others might stare.

It is just an instance of the loyalty that is one of the traits in the man which bind you to him with hoops of steel once you are close to him. It takes no account of condition in life; good reason why his rough riders worshiped the ground he trod on. When they ate bacon and hardtack, that was his fare; and if there was any better to be had, they shared even. It was that trait that came out in him the night a half-witted farmer drove to Sagamore Hill on purpose to shoot him. He was in the library with Mrs. Roosevelt when the voice of the fellow, raised in angry contention with the secret-service guard under the trees, attracted his attention. He knew the officer was alone, out of ear-shot of the others down at the barn, and he acted at once upon the impulse to go to his aid. Before Mrs. Roosevelt could put in a word of warning, he was out on the veranda in the moonlight, his white shirt-bosom making a broad target for the frenzied man who had a cocked pistol in the buggy. He whipped up his horse when he saw the President, and made

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straight for him, but before he had gone a step the secret-service man had him down and safe. I joined Mrs. Roosevelt the next day in demanding the President's promise that he would not do it again, and he gave it good-humoredly, insisting that he had been in no danger. "But," said he, "he was fighting my fight, and he was alone. Would you have had me hide, with him, perhaps, one against two or three?" It was a hard question to answer. We could only remind him that he was the President, and not simply Theodore Roosevelt, and had the whole country to answer to.

I think I never knew a man who so utterly trusts a friend, once he has taken him to his heart. That he does not do easily or offhand; but once he has done it, there is no reservation or secret drawback to his friendship. It is a splendid testimony to the real worth of human nature that his trust has rarely indeed been betrayed. Once his friend, you are his friend forever. To the infallible test he rings true: those who love him best are those who know him best. The men who hate him are the scalawags and the self-seekers, and they only distrust him who do not know him. He never lost a friend once made. Albert Shaw summed it all up in a half-impatient, wholly affectionate exclamation when he was telling me of a visit he had made to Washington to remonstrate with the President.

"I never knew a man," he said, "to play so into the hands of his enemies. He has no secrets from them; he cannot bear a grudge; he will not believe evil; he is generous and fair to everybody; he is the despair of his friends. And, after all, it is his strength."

And the reason is plain. Had I not known him, I would have found it long ago in his insistence that the America of to-day is better than that of Washington and Jefferson. A man cannot write such things as this he wrote of Lincoln without meaning every word of it and acting it out in his life:

"The old-school Jeffersonian theorists believed in a strong people and a weak government. Lincoln was the first who showed how a strong people might have a strong government and yet remain the freest on earth. He seized, half unwittingly, all that was best in the traditions of Federalism. He was the true successor of the Federal leaders, but he grafted on their system a profound belief that the great heart of the nation beats for truth, honor, and liberty."

Now do you wonder that he is the despairing riddle of the politicians the land over, the enemy, wherever they meet, of all the after us-the-deluge plotters? They have not the key to the man; and if they had, they would not know how to use it. The key is his faith that the world is growing better right along. In their plan, it may go to the devil when they have squeezed it for what there is in it for them. They can never comprehend that the man who believes in the world growing better helps make it better, and so, in the end, is bound to win; or why he is closer to the people than any man since Lincoln's day. It is all a mystery and a nuisance to them, and I am glad it is.

Speaking of Lincoln, one of the few times I have seen Roosevelt visibly hurt was when some yellow newspaper circulated the story that he had had Lincoln's portrait taken from the wall in the White House and hung in the basement, and had his own put up in its place. Ordinarily he takes no notice of attacks of that kind, except to laugh at them if they are funny; but this both hurt and saddened him, for Lincoln is his hero as he is mine. It was at the time the White House was undergoing alterations, and the pictures were hung in the basement to preserve them, or there would have been no pictures by this time. Some of the old furniture was sent away and sold at auction, as it had to be, there being no other legal way of disposing of it. Even the chairs in the Cabinet room his official family had to buy at five dollars each, when they wanted them as keepsakes. Among the things that went to the auction-shop was a sideboard from the dining-room, and promptly the report was circulated that it had been presented by the temperance women of Ohio to Mrs. Hayes, and that President Roosevelt had sold it to a saloon-keeper. Resolutions began to

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come from Women's Christian Temperance Union branches East and West until Secretary Loeb published the facts, which were these: that no sideboard had ever been presented to Mrs. Hayes, but an ice-pitcher with stand, long since placed in a Cincinnati museum, where it now is. The sideboard was a piece of furniture bought in the ordinary avenues of trade during President Arthur's term, and of no account on any ground. But long after the true story had been told the resolutions kept coming; for all I know, another one is being prepared now in some place which the lie on its travels has just reached.

I know what it was that hurt, for I had seen Roosevelt recoil from the offer to strike an enemy in the Police Department a foul blow, as from an unclean thing, though that enemy never fought fair. He does. "I never look under the table when I play," he said, when the spoilsmen beset him in their own way at Albany; "they can beat me at that game every time. Face to face, I can defend myself and make a pretty good fight, but any weakling can murder me. Remember this, however, that if I am hit that way very often, I will take to the open, and the blows from the dark will only help me in an out-and-out fight." "Clean as a hound's tooth," one of his favorite phrases, fits himself best. It was the showing that an honest man's honest intentions were not accepted at their face value that saddened and hurt, for it smudged the ideal on which he builds his faith in his fellowman.

It was only yesterday that a friend told me of an experience he had at Albany while Roosevelt was Governor. He was waiting in the Executive Chamber with, as it happened, a man of much account in National politics, a Federal office-holder occupying a position second to none in the land in political influence. The gentleman had come to Albany to press legislation for good roads, being interested in the manufacture of bicycles or automobiles, I forget which. While they waited, in came the Governor. There were but two other persons in the room, an old farmer and his daughter, evidently on a holiday. They were looking at the pictures with much interest. Mr. Roosevelt went over to them and engaged them in conversation, found out where they were from, said he was glad to see them, and pointed out one or two of the portraits especially worth seeing. Then he shook hands and bade them come back as often as they pleased. It was clear that they did not know who the friendly man was. When they went out, he came straight across to the Federal official.

"Now, Mr. ——," he said, shaking his finger at him, "the Legislature has appropriated every cent it is going to this year for good roads, and nothing you can say will change their minds or mine on that subject. So you can save yourself the trouble. It is no use." And, turning to my friend, "Do you wish to see me?" But his amazement was so great that he said no, making up his mind on the spot to talk to the Governor's secretary. The official had gone away at once.

I recommend this anecdote to the special perusal of the friends who think Roosevelt is playing to the galleries when he hails the plain man cordially. He does it because he likes him. They might have seen him one day in an elevated car, when we were riding together, get up to give his seat to a factory-girl in a worn coat. I confess that I itched to tell her who he was, but he let me have no chance. We were talking about a public institution I wished to see reformed, and he was anxious to know if there was any way in which he could help. "If there is," he said, "let me." But there was not, and I was sorry for it; for the matter concerned the growing youth and the citizenship of to-morrow, and I knew how near his heart that lay.

I have been rambling along on my own plan of putting things in when I thought of them, and I cannot say that I feel proud of the result; but if from it there grows a personality whose dominating note is utter simplicity, I have not shot so wide of the mark, after all. For that is it. All he does and says is to be taken with that understanding. There again is where he unconsciously upsets all the schemes and plots of the

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politicians. They don't understand that "the game can be played that way," and are forever looking for some ulterior motive, some hidden trap he never thought of. Bismarck, it is said, used to confound his enemies by plumping out the truth when, according to all the rulers of the old-school diplomacy, he should have lied, and he bagged them easily. Roosevelt has one fundamental conviction—that a frank and honest man cannot in the long run be entangled by plotters—and his life is proving it every day. To say that the world can be run on such a plan is merely to own that the best there is in it, the cynics to the contrary notwithstanding, is man himself, which is true and also comforting in the midst of all the trickery contrived to disprove it.

It was the simplest thing in the world, when the Nation was justly up in arms about the Kishenev atrocity, to do what Roosevelt did, and that was why he did it. Friends from all over wrote to me to warn the President not to get into trouble with Russia by mixing up in her domestic troubles. Mischief would be sure to come of it. The Czar wouldn't receive the Jews' petition, in the first place, and we would have to take a rebuke if we tried to send it. But the President did not need my advice or theirs. I laughed when I read in the paper how he cut that Gordian knot that was so full of evil omen: merely telegraphed *the whole petition* to the American Minister in St. Petersburg, with orders to lay it before the Czar, and ask whether he would receive it if transmitted in the usual way. To which the Czar returned a polite answer, as he was in duty bound, that he would not; but *he had received it*, all of it, and the results were not long in showing themselves.[1] For days the cables had groaned under guarded threats of what would happen if we tried to send the petition over, and that was what happened!

Perhaps it is in a measure this very unexpectedness—more pity that it is unexpected—of method that is no method, but just common honesty, that has got abroad among people the notion that he is a man of impulse, not of deliberate, thoughtful action. More of it, probably, is due to his quick energy that sizes things up with marvelous speed and accuracy. In any event, it is an error which any one can make out for himself, if he will merely watch attentively what is going on, and what has been going on since Roosevelt came prominently into the public eye. What position did he ever take hastily that had to be abandoned, ready as he would have been to quit it had he been shown that he was wrong? He shut the saloons as Police Commissioner, since the law he had sworn to enforce demanded it. And though politicians claimed that he alienated support from the administration he stood for, he taught us a lesson in civic honesty that will yet bear fruit; for while politics are allowed to play hide-and-seek with the majesty of the law, that majesty is a fraud and politics will be unclean. As Health Commissioner he gave the push to the campaign against the old murder-out rookeries that broke the slum landlord's back; abuse and threats were his reward, but hope came into the lives of two million souls in my city, and all over the land those who would help their fellow-men took heart of hope because of what he did. He offended a thousand spoilsmen as Civil Service Commissioner, and earned the gratitude and confidence of a Democratic President; but who now who has sense would have had him do otherwise?

He compelled the corporations to pay just taxes, and though they swore to knife him for it, the Court of Appeals has said it was fair and just. I have heard some people blaming him hotly for interfering in the anthracite coal strike. Their cellars were full of coal that winter, but their factory bunkers were not; and, singularly, I remember some of those very men, when their pocketbooks were threatened, predicting angrily that "something would happen" if things were not mended. And in that they were right; something would have happened. Perhaps that was a reason why he interfered. However, I shall come back to that later. But where is there to-day a cloud on the

[1] What they will amount to or how long they will last is another matter. The Muscovite is a slippery customer.

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diplomatic horizon because of the "impulsiveness" of the young man in the White House? When were there so cordial relations with the Powers before—with England, with France, with Germany that sends the President's personal friend to represent her here? Does any one imagine William of Germany seeks personal advantage in that? Then he is not as smart as the Emperor. For the first time in the memory of diplomats, I imagine, they are able to discuss things, up at the White House, just as they are; yet they don't take a trick, and they know it.

Roosevelt is as far as possible from being rash. When people say it, I am always reminded of the difference between the Danish word *rask* and the English *rash*. *Rask* means quick, resolute. That is what he is. He arrives at a conclusion more quickly than any one I ever knew; but he never jumps at it. He has learned how to use his mind, and all of it, that is why. "I own," writes a friend to me from Ohio, "that he has been right so far every time. But next time where will we find him?" Learn to think a thing out, as he does; and when you have done it, ask yourself, "Which, now, is right?" and you will know. Watch and you will see that the real difference between his critics and him is this: they chase all round the compass for some portent of trouble "if they do this or do that," and in the end throw themselves headlong on some course that promises safety; whereas he goes calmly ahead, seeking the right and letting troubles take care of themselves if they must come. That is the quality of his courage which some good people identify as a kind of fighting spunk that must be in a broil at regular intervals. I do not suppose there is a less emotional man in existence than Secretary Root, of the War Department. He was the only one, the newspapers said, in the Cabinet who would not give five dollars for his chair as a souvenir. He could put the money to better use, and he didn't need the chair. But when he came to take leave of Roosevelt, this is what he wrote: "I shall carry with me unabated loyalty to your administration, confidence in the *sound conservatism* and patriotic unselfishness of your policy, . . . and I shall always be happy to have been a part of the administration directed by your sincere and rugged adherence to right and devotion to the trust of our country." Blame me for partiality, if you will, but against Secretary Root the charge does not justly lie. He just spoke the truth.

Verily, I think that were the country to be called upon to-morrow to vote for peace or for war, his voice would be for peace to the last hour in which it could be maintained with honor. Slower than Lincoln would he be to draw the sword. But once drawn for justice and right, I should not like to be in its way, nor should I be lazy about making up my mind which way to skip. I remember once when I got excited—over some outrage perpetrated upon American missions or students in Turkey, I think. It was in the old days in Mulberry Street, and I wanted to know if our ships could not run the Dardanelles and beard the Turk in his capital.

"Ah," put in Colonel Grant, who was in the Police Board, "but those forts have guns."

"Guns!" said Roosevelt; nothing more. It is impossible to describe the emphasis he put upon the word. But in it I seemed to hear Decatur at Tripoli, Farragut at Mobile. Guns! The year after that he was busy piling up ammunition at Hongkong. They had guns at Manila, too. And Dewey joined Decatur and Farragut on the record.

I said Roosevelt had learned to use all of his mind. To an extraordinary degree he possesses the faculty of concentrating it upon the subject in hand, and, when it has been disposed of, transferring it at will to the thing next in order, else he could not have written important historical works while he was Police Commissioner and Governor. Whether this is all the result of training, or a faculty born in him, I do not know. Napoleon had the same gift. I have sat with Mr. Roosevelt in his room at Police Headquarters and seen him finish his correspondence, dispose of routine matters in hand, and at once take up dictation of some magazine arti-

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cle, or a chapter in one of his books where he left off the day before. In five minutes he would be deep in the feudal days, or disentangling some Revolutionary kink in Washington's time, and seemingly had lost all recollection of Mulberry Street and its concerns. In the midst of it there would come a rap at the door and a police official would enter with some problem to be solved. Roosevelt would stop in the doorway, run rapidly over it with him, decide it, unless it needed action by the Board, and after one nervous turn across the floor would resume dictating in the middle of the sentence where he had stopped. I used to listen in amazement. It would have taken me hours of fretting to get back to where I was.

One secret laugh I had at him in those days. The room was a big square one, with windows that had blue shades. When he got thoroughly into his dictation—during which he never permitted me to leave; he would stay any movement of mine that way with a detaining gesture, and go right on—he made, unconsciously, a three-fourths round of the office, and when he passed each window would seize the shade-cord and give a little abstracted pull, bringing it down an inch or so, until by degrees the room was in twilight. By the fourth or fifth round he would acquire a game leg. One of his knees stiffened, and thereafter he would drag around with him a disabled limb to the end of the chapter, when he as suddenly recovered the use of it. I sometimes wonder if his game leg takes part in Cabinet discussions. If it does, I will warrant the country will know of it, though it may not be able to identify the ailment. I give it as a hint to nations that may be meditating provocation of Uncle Sam. I should beware of provoking the President's game leg.

Which reminds me of the time we plotted against him in Mulberry Street, putting in quarters at a raffle at an Italian feast. The raffle was for a sheep which we hoped to win, and to lead to headquarters in procession, headed by the Italian band. We even took Mr. Roosevelt around and made him spend five quarters in his own prospective undoing. But we didn't win the sheep. It was the Widow Motso on the third floor back who did; and when I heard her rapturous cry and saw her hug the sheep then and there, and kiss its black nose, I was glad the plot miscarried. The widow killed the sheep the next day. Roosevelt never knew what he had escaped. It was all my way of paying him for calling sheep "woolly idiots," whereas they are my special pets. There is no animal I like so much as a sheep. It is so absolutely, comfortably stupid. You don't have to put sense into it, because you can't.

I am tempted to tell you of more jokes, for he loves one dearly so long as it hurts no one's feelings. Two timid parsons found that out who saw Mr. Gilder shake hands with him at a reception and express the hope that "he would not embroil us in any foreign war."

"What," cried the President, "a war? with me cooped up here in the White House! Never, gentlemen, never!" I wonder what the parsons thought when they caught their breath. Perhaps the man I met on a railroad train and told the story to, expressed it. "There, you see," said he; "he says it himself. If he could get away he would start a fight." His fun sometimes takes the form of mock severity with intimate friends. In the swarm of officials that came to wish the President a happy New Year were the Civil Service Commissioners, headed by John R. Procter, his old colleague, all men after his own heart. Mr. Procter still laughed at the recollection of that New Year's greeting when I saw him last.[1] The President drew himself up at their approach and remarked with stiff dignity, loud enough for all to hear:

"The moral tone of the room is distinctly lowered."

No one need ever have any fear that Roosevelt will get the country into an undignified position. If unfamiliarity with a situation should lead him off the track, take my word for it he will take the straight, common-sense way out, and

[1] Poor friend! As the printer brings me the proof of this, I hear of his death. There was never a more loyal heart, a more dauntless soul, than his. The world is poorer, indeed, for his going from us.

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get there. The man who in his youth could describe Tammany as "a highly organized system of corruption tempered with malevolent charity," and characterize a mutual acquaintance, a man with cold political ambitions whom I deemed devoid of sentiment, as having both, but "keeping them in different compartments," can be trusted to find a way out of any dilemma.

If he got into one, that is to say. I know him well enough to be perfectly easy on that score. It seems to me that all the years I have watched him he has tackled problems that were new and strange to him, with such simple common sense that the difficulties have vanished before you could make them out; and the more difficult the problem the plainer his treatment of it. We were speaking about the Northern Securities suits one day.

"I do not claim to be a financial expert," he said; "but it does not take a financial expert to tell that, the law being that two small men shall not combine to the public injury, if I allow two big men to do it I am setting up that worst of stumbling-blocks in a country like ours, which persuades the poor man that if he has money enough the law will not apply to him. That is elementary and needs no training of a financier. So in this matter of publicity of trust accounts. Publicity hurts no honest business, and is not feared by the man of straight methods. The man whose methods are crooked is the man whose game I would block. Those who complain know this perfectly well, and their complaining betrays them. Again, with honest money—I did not need any financier to tell me that a short-weight dollar is not an honest dollar to pay full-weight dollar debts with."

I thought of the wise newspaper editors who had been at such pains to explain to us how Roosevelt was responsible for the "unsettled condition" of Wall Street. Their house of cards, built up with such toilsome arguing, was just then falling to pieces, and the news columns in their own papers were giving us an inside view of what it was that had been going on in the financial market, and why some securities remained "undigested." Water and wind are notoriously a bad diet; and what else to call the capitalization of a concern at thirty millions that rated itself at five, would puzzle, I imagine, even a "financial expert."

And has he then no faults, this hero of mine? Yes, he has, and I am glad of it, for I want a live man for a friend, not a dead saint—they are the only ones, I notice, who have no faults. He talks, they say, and I hope he will keep on, for he has that to say which the world needs to hear and cannot hear too long or too often. I don't think that he could keep a scrap-book, if he tried. I am sure he could not. It is not given to man once in a thousand years to make and to record history at the same time. But, then, it is not his business to keep scrap-books. I know he cannot dance, for I have seen a letter from a lady who reminded him of how he "trod strenuously" on her toes in the old dancing-school days when the world was young. And I have heard him sing—that he cannot do. The children think it perfectly lovely, but he would never pass for an artist. And when the recruit in camp accosted him with "Say, are you the Lieutenant-Colonel? The Colonel is looking for you," he did not order him under arrest or jab him with his sword, but merely told him to "Come with me and see how I do it;" which was quite irregular, of course, if it did make a soldier out of a raw recruit. Oh, yes! I suppose he has his faults, though all these years I have been so busy finding out good things in him that were new to me, that I have never had time to look for them. But when I think of him, gentle, loyal, trusting friend, helpful, unselfish ever, champion of all that is good and noble and honest; when I read in an old letter that strays into my hands his brave, patient words: "We have got to march and fight for the right as we see it, and face defeat and victory just as they come;" and in another: "As for what —— says of my standing alone, why, I will if I must, but no one is more heartened by such support as you give than I am"—why, I feel that if that is the one thing I can do, I will do that; that, just as he is, with or without

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faults, I would rather stand with him and be counted than anywhere else on God's green earth. For, standing so, I know that I shall count always for our beloved country, which his example and his friendship have taught me to love beyond my own native land. And that is what I would do till I die.

There is yet one side of Theodore Roosevelt upon which I would touch, because I know the question to be on many lips; though I approach it with some hesitation. For a man's religious beliefs are his own, and he is not one to speak lightly of what is in his heart concerning the hope of heaven. But though he is of few public professions, yet is he a reverent man, of practice, in private and public, ever in accord with the highest ideals of Christian manliness. His is a militant faith, bound on the mission of helping the world ahead; and in that campaign he welcomes gladly whoever would help. For the man who is out merely to purchase for himself a seat in heaven, whatever befall his brother, he has nothing but contempt; for him who struggles painfully toward the light, a helping hand and a word of cheer always. With forms of every kind he has tolerant patience—for what they mean. For the mere husk emptied of all meaning he has little regard. The soul of a thing is to him the use it is of. Speaking of the circuit-riders of old, he said once: "It is such missionary work that prevents the pioneers from sinking perilously near the level of the savagery against which they contend. Without it, the conquest of this continent would have had little but an animal side. Because of it, deep beneath and through the National character there runs that power of firm adherence to a lofty ideal upon which the safety of the Nation will ultimately depend."

He himself declared his faith in the closing words of his address to the Young Men's Christian Association in New York City the night before he surrendered his stewardship as Governor into the hands of the people; and so let him stand before his countrymen and before the world:

"The true Christian is the true citizen, lofty of purpose, resolute in endeavor, ready for a hero's deeds, but never looking down on his task because it is cast in the day of small things; scornful of baseness, awake to his own duties as well as to his rights, following the higher law with reverence, and in this world doing all that in him lies, so that when death comes he may feel that mankind is in some degree better because he has lived."

[TO BE CONTINUED]

# The Educational Needs of the South

By S. C. Mitchell

The author of this article is Professor of History in Richmond College, Richmond, Virginia. The article is substantially the address which Dr. Mitchell delivered at a dinner recently given in New York by Mr. Ogden to the members of the Southern Education Board. Dr. Mitchell has the confidence of the community in which he lives to a very marked degree. In spirit, aim, and ideal he speaks here for a very considerable and influential proportion of people in the South whom we believe to be the real leaders in Southern opinion.—THE EDITORS.

THE advent of the General and Southern Education Boards marked a distinct epoch in the development of the South. Even before the present renaissance, here and there an aggressive man or woman was striking for a higher educational ideal. Such workers the Southern Education Board heartened and made more effective by drawing them together in bold and concerted action. The patriotic motives which animated the leaders of the movement, and the wisdom and tact which characterized its advance, soon silenced criticism. Fresh and widespread enthusiasm was given to the educational cause through the press, secular and religious, and through the admirable addresses

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of the agents of the Boards. I have heard Dr. Fraser speaking upon practical phases of education to vast crowds upon the banks of the Rappahannock, and Mr. St. George Tucker addressing throngs of country people gathered under an arbor at the foot of the Blue Ridge. Such meetings have been held in all parts of Virginia, with most encouraging results. By way of indicating how vital is the work undertaken, and the necessity therefor, a brief retrospect of the conditions in the South may not be out of place.

In the Atlantic Ocean there is only one gulf current, but in the nineteenth century there were three gulf currents. These three streams of tendency are as traceable, as measurable, and as potent in their influence as that resistless river in the sea. What, now, were these three tendencies in the nineteenth century?

I. *Liberal.*—The liberal tendency of that age was both the strongest and the most easily discernible. The French Revolution, which ushered in the nineteenth century, was a frenzy for freedom. Before the rush of its emancipating spirit there went down in irretrievable ruin the absolutist governments which had held in bondage the continent of Europe. Stein's memorable edict of the 9th of October, 1807, abolishing serfdom in Prussia, is not so much an achievement of individual genius as the most vivid expression of the differences between the old and new Europe. Other countries followed perforce, even Russia freeing her serfs in 1861. The odious distinctions of feudalism, with the obsolete privileges of the aristocrat, were one after another swept away; equality for all before the law was established; liberal constitutions were wrested from despots; the press was unmuzzled; labor was unshackled; in a word, every man was given a chance. It is pleasing to recall that it was our fathers of 1776 who intoned the dominant note of that great century. Jefferson's Declaration of Independence is the prelude to the French Revolution and its far-reaching liberal influences.

II. *National.*—The national tendency in the nineteenth century was hardly less strong than the liberal. The two tendencies, the liberal and the national, though separable, were found usually working in unison. Nationality is to a race what personality is to a man. The desire of each race to set up housekeeping for itself, to live under its own vine and fig tree, to feel the full force of the spirit of kinship in its unifying effect, to attain to complete racial individuality—this intense and spontaneous yearning for nationality was to transform the map of Europe in the nineteenth century. We can note only the results. Heroic Greece led off in 1829; Belgium succeeded in 1830, Holland being individualized at the same time; Italy and Germany made good their nationality in 1870; and eight years thereafter Rumania, Servia, and Montenegro reached the same goal. Poland, Ireland, and Hungary, despite heroic struggles to form nations, have failed, while yesterday the Macedonians in the Balkan peninsula were in arms against the Turk in order to win the prize of nationality for themselves. Who can doubt that they will attain it, the Berlin Treaty of Beaconsfield to the contrary notwithstanding? The stars in their courses fight for progress. Nationality has shown itself an electric and resistless force.

III. *Industrial.* The industrial tendency of the nineteenth century was also marked. Invention kept pace with liberty and nationality. On the 5th of January, 1769, James Watt announced his patent "for a method of lessening the consumption of steam and fuel in fire engines." That is regarded as the birthday of England's manufacturing supremacy, as well as marking the transition in all progressive States from the exclusively agricultural to the industrial status. In 1787 a clergyman of Kent, Cartwright, produced the power-loom. Six years later a Connecticut school-teacher, living in Georgia, invented the cotton-gin. What changes followed may be faintly suggested by recalling the fact that in 1784 an American ship landed eight bales of cotton at Liverpool, and the custom-house officers seized them, on the ground that cotton was not a product of the United States. Coal, steam, steel, electricity—these made a

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new earth, giving magic wealth and power to nations in the van, such as England, Germany, and France. Society became dominantly industrial.

### THE ISOLATION OF THE SOUTH

Circumstances—cruel circumstances that bring tears at the thought—had shut the South out of a share in these three mighty influences of that century. Destiny seemed to have arrayed her against them, in spite of the fact that in the closing quarter of the eighteenth century Virginia's own sons were pioneers in the advocacy of national and liberal measures. Such is the pathos and irony of the civil tragedy. Madison, as the father of the Constitution; Washington, putting his strong stamp upon the Federal executive; Marshall, giving force to the Federal judiciary; and Jefferson, drafting the preliminary ordinance of 1787, excluding slavery from the Northwest Territory—these men and measures appeared prophetic of a destiny for the South the reverse of what ensued. The shift in the scene was made by Eli Whitney in his invention, in 1793, of the cotton-gin, which rendered slavery profitable in the raising of cotton, a product so well suited to the climate and soil of the South.

As a result, the South found itself at variance with the rapid changes which had swept over the world during the first half of the nineteenth century. The South was led by this train of circumstances—

(1) To hold on to slavery in opposition to the liberal tendency of the age.

(2) To insist upon States' rights in opposition to nationality.

(3) To content herself with agriculture alone, instead of embracing the rising industrialism.

It was an instance of arrested development. The facts do not permit us to escape this conclusion, notwithstanding that there was so much of nobility, chivalry, and beautiful life in the old South to love and admire. It was these historic forces—the liberal, national, and industrial—that won at Appomattox over the South, in spite of the genius of Lee, the heroism of her sons, and the sacrifices of her daughters.

If this be the interpretation of the confused forces in that time that tried men's souls, then certain duties become clear as to the South of our day. These are—

(1) To liberalize it in thought.

(2) To nationalize it in politics.

(3) To industrialize it in production.

Gratifyingly are these new forces at work—forces which are to re-create the commonwealths of the South in all that makes for progress and power. Education is a present ferment; industrialism, especially in cotton and iron mills, is making vast strides; the Panama Canal will put us on the pathway of the world. We are beginning to see that "if cotton is ever king, its scepter will be a spindle." By such alignments with this wondrous mother-age, we shall enable the South to take her rightful part in determining the National destiny.

The task, therefore, of the present educational movement is to help on these progressive tendencies. How can that best be done? What are the greatest educational needs of the South at this time? They are, in my opinion, two: teachers and publicists. The first will leaven the masses, while the second will flank the demagogue. It would be hard to say which of these two needs is the more pressing, the uplifting of the masses or the proper leading of the public mind.

### THE NEEDS OF THE NEGRO

As concerns the negro, his primary need is likewise for teachers and leaders, moral, well trained, and deeply sensible of race responsibility. Such a man will say, with the Apostle, "Who is weak, and I am not weak? Who is made to stumble, and I burn not?" Needless to say that some such leaders the negroes now have. No other race has made such progress, if you consider the depths from which it has risen and the difficulties which it has encountered. It took a thousand years to train the Teuton, from the fifth to the fifteenth centuries. He who condemns the negro because of his lack of will power either in work or morals would do well to remember that slavery weakens that special faculty in man.

The negro can neither be deported

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nor repressed, but, by means of the slow and sure forces of education and religion, he is becoming capable in industry and moral in society. About such a process there is nothing dramatic, not to say tragic; but it is just, humane, and feasible—in a word, statesmanlike. It is of course understood that by education and religion for the negro I mean very practical things. His education must be both mental and manual, and his religion must be wholly moral. Fitness for life is the thing desired. Before the negro there stand four doors through which he may perhaps force an entrance: (1) thrift, (2) education, (3) religion, and (4) politics. The pity is that he bolted first for the last door—politics. But this mistake is correcting itself, as he sees that suffrage is a privilege to be gained only by the worthy, reckoned according to property and intelligence. This burrowing notion is inciting him more and more to press into the gateways of thrift, education, and religion. An anti negro plank in the next Democratic platform would be the worst political blunder as regards the South since the passage of the Fugitive Slave Law.

### PUBLIC-SCHOOL TEACHERS

Such being the conditions in the South, we must have more normal schools, especially for women, better pay for our teachers in the common schools, longer sessions than at present, expert school superintendents, and, to secure these, National aid for education given through the agency of the State according to illiteracy, and available only after a minimum rate of taxation has been levied.

### PUBLICISTS

The other need of the South to which I alluded is that of publicists in larger numbers. And by this term I mean, not office-seekers—they, alas! are legion—but men who can bring scientific intelligence to bear upon the economic, social, and political conditions confronting us. Such men may influence the public mind through the press, or as legislators, or as teachers, or as financiers, or in any other of the numerous callings open to forceful leaders. The two things requisite in such a class of publicists are the spirit of social service and specialized intelligence. The advent to power in several Southern States of men thus endowed is one of the most hopeful signs of the times. The conditions in the South resulting from the war have given the demagogue his day, his heyday. Excluded largely from wholesome contact with National politics, and hence not knowing the steadying responsibilities of vast public trusts, the average politician has found in the appeal to the prejudices of the people an exhaustless mine of sordid profit. Naturally, his own powers have become contracted to the limits of the prejudices which he has tried to congeal. The stock in trade of the politician has been to dangle the bones of the skeleton in the Southern closet. At the faintest sound of that gruesome noise, all the children were straightway hushed, independence of thought and action vanished, and the stage was left bare for the wiles of the demagogue. Democracy, which is often neither economical nor efficient, ceased to become educative—losing thereby its essential virtue. There was no opposition party to fulfill the healthful function of criticism. Am I mistaken in believing that there is a general tendency upon the part of the thoughtful people of the South to escape from these leading-strings? This in part is the explanation of the new constitutions which largely remove the negro from politics. The ex-slave had enslaved the South. Democracy is government by discussion; but where only one party exists the discussion becomes a monologue. The zest of political life and the interplay of social forces disappeared. As a result, the public mind of the South became, not so much stagnant, as a fertile field for all sorts of political vagaries. The solidarity of the South came to mean the inertness of a mass. From such sterile conditions aggressive and discriminating leadership was hardly to be expected. Happily, all of this is now changing. In my opinion, no public speaker in the South to-day can intone a more responsive note than that of nationality. This was to me the remark-

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able fact disclosed at the Southern Education Conference in Richmond last spring. It became evident, as the discussions progressed, that each of the Southern speakers had, in the secrecy of his own study, reached this conclusion as to nationality, believing, forsooth, his own opinion in that regard to be novel and individual. When all came together upon this candid platform, it was with surprise that each found his own view to be the reigning opinion.

# The Women of America[1]

## Fifth Paper—The Woman in Her Club

By Elizabeth McCracken

AN Englishwoman, at the end of a year spent in traveling over the United States, exclaimed: "The most American thing in all America is the American woman's club!"

The majority of us will hesitate before we agree unreservedly with a statement so utterly without qualification, but even the most conservative are, in the words of Ian Maclaren's canny Scot, "prepared to admit" that in this peculiarly American institution, the woman's club, may unquestionably be found the very essence of democracy. The motto of an association of women in an Eastern city, "Of all, by all, for all," expresses the spirit not only of that club, but of almost any organization of women existing in the United States.

Beginning with those articles of their several constitutions which deal with "conditions of membership," and ending with the rules governing admission to the General Federation, the clubs of women in America are as a whole characterized, not by a narrow exclusiveness, but rather by a broad inclusiveness. The "requirements of members" are in very nearly all cases such as may be fulfilled by any woman of intelligence. Numerically, membership is practically unlimited. In many clubs a long 'membership list" is not only permitted but urgently desired; not infrequently does a brief official communication to a woman already within the folds remind its recipient that "the aid of every member is needed, and the influence of each member should be used in securing as many new members as possible."

So strong and so prevalent is this democratic feeling that a Southern woman, prominent in the club affairs of a distinctly Southern State, in discussing with me that question which so recently threatened to disorganize the General Federation of Women's Clubs in America, the question as to the admitting to that body of associations composed of negro women, said, "We *ought* to admit them; we have no more right to keep *them* out when they are eligible than we have to keep out any other clubs which come up to the standards." The speaker was not so much a reconstructed Southerner as she was what one of her friends enthusiastically described as a "perfectly splendid club woman." She felt instinctively that a club, or a federation of clubs, is essentially, in the words of the motto of an organization in Boston, "The union of all for the good of all."

An American woman with a purpose so immediately and involuntarily seeks other women with an identical purpose, and organizes a club! One of my friends who lived for an interested winter in a village in England, in recounting to me the experiences of that winter, often mentioned a sweet and kind woman belonging to the village who gave all her leisure hours to reading to such blind persons in that place and in neighboring towns as desired her friendly services.

"Did she have any one to help her?" I instantly asked.

"No," was the answer; "but she scarcely needed any one; she knew so very few blind people; and she herself had time to read to all she knew."

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"But did she know all there were?" I inquired.

"Probably not," said my friend, "but she knew as many as she could help. She did what she could for those, and trusted that other people were being equally thoughtful about any whom they knew."

While it would ill become any person whomsoever to assail another person actively engaged in rendering unselfish aid to the unfortunate, it may not be amiss to compare the method of that Englishwoman with the method of a woman in America whose work for the blind has been no less real.

I met her about two years ago, at the very time, it chanced, when her interest in the blind was being especially aroused. In connection with her duties as a member of one of the committees of her club, she had been called upon to read to a blind man. From this man she heard of other persons similarly afflicted; these mentioned to her still others. Very soon the members of her club and her many other acquaintances received postal cards asking them to join an organization to be known as the Massachusetts Association for Promoting the Interests of the Adult Blind, its object being: To help the blind to help themselves. The association was formed with characteristic celerity. It easily secured a lengthy list of sympathetic members. These members were not long in discovering that in the State of Massachusetts no public provision for the care and education of persons becoming blind late in life had yet been made. Last winter the friends of the members of this new club received circulars which opened with this sentence: "Your attention is called to the fact that a resolve providing for the appointment of a commission to investigate the condition of the adult blind within this Commonwealth is before the Massachusetts General Court."

The resolution became a law last February, at which time the Governor of Massachusetts appointed a Commission of three persons—"which commission shall investigate the condition of the adult blind within this Commonwealth, and may recommend legislation."

To my keen regret, I was in Nebraska on the day when the resolution was brought most definitely before the Massachusetts General Court. Among the speakers in its favor was Miss Helen Keller, who was so touched by the sincerity and earnestness of the woman through whom the whole movement had been started that she willingly consented to lend to it her own pre-eminent influence, and to appear in court and personally plead for its acceptance.

That legislation will be recommended and subsequently put into effect seems more than probable; that a public appropriation for the maintenance of training-schools for the adult blind will speedily follow seems by no means impossible. In short, because one woman in a town in Massachusetts chanced, in the course of her duties as a club member, to be called upon to read to one blind man, an association has been organized which will eventually provide opportunities so complete that all the adult blind in the entire State may learn to read for themselves.

Meanwhile, that indefatigable woman is herself doing all that she can in the direction of personal assistance to those blind persons whom she knows, and claiming the freely given services of her friends in finding and helping others. The last time I saw her, she was meditating as to how she should go about raising funds for the purpose of having Dr. van Dyke's "The First Christmas Tree," which the blind so frequently expressed a desire to read for themselves, printed in embossed type; and considering various suggested plans for the establishing in Boston of an employment bureau for the benefit of any blind persons in or near the city, who might be desirous of seeking occasions for the exercise of such manual accomplishments as they had acquired—and, as my friend confidently added, "*will* acquire in still greater measure."

The woman's club has made for itself a clearly defined place in the public life of the American Nation. Its work, in many cases, is of a public or semi-public character; and minute reviews of its smallest purpose or achievement are, consequently, duly chronicled in the daily news-

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paper. If the club be located in a city, or in a town of comparatively large size, and if, in addition, it be a member of the State and General Federation of Women's Clubs, résumés of printed or publicly read reports of its work find their way into numerous magazines and newspaper articles. In short, to add to the already vast accumulation of written information regarding "prominent women's clubs" in America is impossible. The most that one can accomplish is a compilation.

I realized this more and more fully as I went last winter from one city to another, in the course of my investigation. One member, in response to my inquiries concerning the fine club-house of her organization, would refer me to a magazine, easily obtainable in any library, for a complete account of the erection of that building; another member, by way of reply to a question touching the civic work done by her club, would recommend another essay in another widely circulated periodical; another, being approached for a history of the association, would immediately mention still another article in still another representative journal. Club women in many cities very kindly sent me, in addition, the year-books, annual reports, and calendars of their various associations. Indeed, for purposes of compilation, I found every facility; but I was loth to compile; and therefore I went from the larger towns, the various clubs of which belonged to State and General Federation, to the very small villages, in which the woman's club, if it existed at all, existed apart from any federation whatsoever, and, above all, carried on its work out of the range of "the publick eye."

During the months of my journeyings I discovered many of these organizations, each one living its life in a sweet seclusion; each one fulfilling its object, whether social, literary, or philanthropic, with eagerness and interest, but without excitement. Had they not been so thoroughly American in spirit and in practice, they might almost have recalled to the mind of the lingering visitor the assemblies of the chief citizens of Cranford.

The procedures of an association of women in a little town in the far South, known as the Village Improvement Society, were especially suggestive of the "quaint ways" of the Cranford ladies. The object of the society was, primarily: To light the town. When one is reminded that this particular town was among those places which the war left very dark, and when one has reflected upon the large aims and the correspondingly small means of the association, this object gains in depth of meaning.

My hostess in the village was, I learned quite by chance, a member of the society. On the first evening of my visit, as the long twilight was fading, she invited me to go with her to light the lamps; and I followed her about the pleasant old house, holding lampshades for her, moving vases of flowers to give place to lamps, and listening to leisurely related bits of tales of the days of candles and fantastic candlesticks.

I had observed with some surprise that my hostess put two small lamps in the bow-window in one room, and another lamp of larger size on the window-seat on a half-way landing of the stairs. She made no comment either upon these or upon several other seemingly unnecessary lights, and I curbed my desire to make inquiries, until, after asking another member of the family for information concerning the whereabouts of the "back-gallery lantern," and being told that a neighbor had borrowed it, my hostess said, "Well, I can put a lamp in the kitchen," when my curiosity became quite boundless, and I asked, "What is the 'back-gallery lantern'?"

"It's the lantern I light and hang on the back gallery on nights when the moon doesn't shine," was the reply. "It throws a light on the back street."

"Are there no town lights on that street?" I questioned.

"There aren't any town lights on any street," replied my hostess. "We are hoping to have some before long; but until we do, the members of the Improvement Society are doing all they can to light their parts of the town themselves."

"And that is why you put the lamps in the windows," I said, beginning to understand.

"Certainly, it was," my friend replied,

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at that moment placing another lamp before the kitchen window. "Every member of the club does it; there are a good many members; and you would be amazed to see how much light their lamps send into the streets."

The next evening, walking through a number of the streets, I was amazed indeed to see to how great an extent the lamps and lanterns of the members of the Village Improvement Society illumined the dark ways of their town. In the window of one small cottage there shone a candle.

"I never see that candle," said one of my companions, "that I do not think of Portia, and say to myself, 'How far that little candle throws its beams!'"

"And I never see it," another added softly, "without remembering the old, old custom in Germany, of putting a candle in the window on Christmas Eve, to light the Christ Child on His way."

The Society distributed the responsibilities of lighting the streets of the town after the simplest and most natural manner. Each member of the association helped to the extent of her ability. "You know," explained my hostess, "no one in the town is very rich; and we can't afford to have regular street lamps. But almost every person in the club can afford to light an extra lamp or two, on dark nights. The lights do not need to burn after eleven o'clock, for every one is at home by that time; and the moon shines on a good many nights. Some of the members can light as many as four additional lamps and a lantern; some have only one extra lamp; and a few allow a candle for every dark night."

"How did you happen to think of it?" I asked, for I could not hear enough about so lovely a piece of public service.

My friend laughed. "How, indeed!" she repeated. "I don't quite know. A few of us had always put lights in our windows on dark nights; we needed street lamps, and we could not have them, so it suddenly occurred to us that if enough of us formed a club and pledged ourselves to light the town as much as we could, we might in that way at least approach having street lamps. It has succeeded even better than we had expected," she concluded, with justifiable satisfaction.

"I suppose in the course of time you will buy public lamps with the club funds," I ventured.

"Our only club funds are our small weekly dues," was the reply, "all of which we save to spend at Christmas for presents for the little children in town whose parents are too poor to buy anything of that kind for them."

Without a doubt, the Village Improvement Society in that town in the far South fulfills its object; in more senses than one, it does "light the town."

Mr. Clement Scott said once: "My first play, my first Hamlet, my first Juliet, my first Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, are cut like cameos on the memory." A club of women in a little pioneer town in Nebraska always comes instantly to my mind when I recall my first Rosalind, for it was a member of that association who took me upon that memorable occasion to see the "fair princess," in whose praise Orlando abused so many young trees "with carving Rosalind on their barks."

The name of the club was the Shakespeare Society; its object: To read and enjoy the works of William Shakespeare. Ah, how the members of that organization—all of whom were women—did "read and enjoy" Shakespeare! I remember clearly; for though I was not qualified for the dignity of membership in the club, my unfeigned devotion to the worn volumes of "school editions" of the plays which I possessed occasionally prompted my august elders to invite me to a meeting of the Society, and even better still, though less often, to a stage representation of one of the plays.

Recollecting that through the great kindness of a member of that village club I was enabled to see Mr. Edwin Booth's Hamlet very nearly the last time he played it, I went to the town last winter partly to seek some one in the place who might perhaps remember the association.

"Remember it!" exclaimed the first acquaintance I met. "It isn't a thing of the past. It is even more active now than it was when you were here last. It has been meeting without interruption,

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lo, these many years!—which," she added, "if you stop to count, you will find are not quite so many as you seem to suppose!"

Whereupon she began to recount to me the history of the club, in detail, since my last visit. In addition to its regular weekly assemblings, which were given over entirely to reading the plays, and listening to papers written by various members about the plays, and the life of Shakespeare, and the Elizabethan Era, and the development of the English drama, and the contemporaries of Shakespeare, and, as my chronicler sweepingly concluded, "other kindred subjects," the association had given a number of public festivities, and with the money thereby obtained had presented a complete standard edition of the "works of William Shakespeare" to the village library; and had also purchased for the same institution a considerable number of those books of history and criticism which are so useful to Shakespearean students.

"There is scarcely a person in town who isn't interested in Shakespeare," she exclaimed. "It means a great deal to an isolated community," she went on, earnestly. "Many books are out of the question; we cannot get them; but we may have Shakespeare; and 'tis enough, 'twill serve!'"

"The Shakespeare Society has aroused the interest?" I suggested.

"Partly," said the member of that society, modestly. "Why, even the children read Shakespeare; and when they organized a Band of Mercy, they chose for their motto, 'The quality of mercy is not strained!' It caused a great deal of amusement, but it shows that the influence of the club extends even to the 'tender juvenal.'"

"The kindness of the club always extended in that direction," I said, heartily; and then the member proposed that we go together to call upon that other member who had taken me to see "As You Like It."

"I remember that Rosalind distinctly," she said, musingly. "I have seen others since, I had seen others before, but, in spite of her extreme youth, she was the most truly Shakespearean." With this opinion I was not slow to agree, for that Rosalind, as it chanced, was none other than the Rosalind of Miss Julia Marlowe, which she was playing almost for the first time.

Before I ended my visit, my hostess showed me a leaf from Juliet's tomb, and a violet from Warwickshire, which one of my friends, traveling abroad, had inclosed in her letters to me, and which treasures, in a burst of fervent gratitude for that first glimpse of the heroine, who has been described so happily as "one of the most enchanting women in literature," I had bestowed upon her, as small but appropriate returns for her kindness.

"Every member of the club has enjoyed them, especially the violet," she told me; "so few of us can travel; and it thrills us to look at that flower, and reflect upon the fact that it actually grew in the very fields through which Shakespeare himself must often have walked!"

As a kind of supplement to the accounts given me by my other friend, she mentioned that the club had increased in length its membership list; and, in pursuance of its object, had done much studying along many lines. In a college town this circumstance in connection with a woman's club, literary or otherwise, would scarcely excite comment, or have attached to it any very unusual significance; but in a prairie town in Nebraska it means a great deal. Such towns, almost without exception, have for their prime objects material prosperity; their women, as well as their men, are so often, first of all and most of all, bent upon making money. Is it not something that in one such town a club of women having for its sole object the reading and enjoying of the works of "This King Shakespeare"—to quote Carlyle—should so truly be said to exist that its love for the great things of true literature is reflected even in the children of the place? Already that comparatively small and not at all illustrious association has done much to give grace and joy to the village of its members—a village which natural conditions might so readily have tended to shape into an ungraceful and joyless material-

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ism. That the Shakespeare Society will continue as it began would seem so probable as to be almost certain.

The women's clubs of very small towns are, as a general rule, of a literary character. A woman in a little village in Southern California explained to me that this was due to the fact that, however limited and insufficient must often be the opportunities of women in isolated communities in other particulars, in the possession and use of such books as they can obtain, their happiness may be quite unbounded. Their familiarity with the books they read is often nothing short of marvelous. A member of a Shakespearean association in a village in northern Minnesota, looking over a copy of Mr. Sidney Colvin's edition of the "Letters of John Keats" which I had with me, was amazed that Mr. Colvin should have regarded "The web of our life is of mingled yarn" as a "less familiar" quotation, and should have considered it needful to mention in a foot-note the source of

> "Let Fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
> Live register'd upon our brazen tombs!"

"They are not quite so easily placed as 'O, then, I see Queen Mab hath been with you,'" I said, in defense of the public for whom Mr. Colvin had edited.

"To any real student of Shakespeare they are," was the somewhat crushing rejoinder of that student of Shakespeare.

As a kind of mild retort, I challenged her to name offhand all Perdita's flowers; whereupon, to my delight, she vanquished me completely by reciting without an instant's hesitation the entire scene of "those flowers there."

"Our club," she reminded me, "studies Shakespeare."

Most of us are in some sort readers of Shakespeare, some of us even belong to clubs that study Shakespeare, but could very many of us quote at random whole scenes—and quote them correctly?

In another town in northern Minnesota the woman's club of the village bore the suggestive name of the Travel Club. This title was all the more interesting because the town was off the main railroad, and the one train which stopped each day at its small station was often delayed and blocked by storms.

"It is just precisely because we can't travel that we have a Travel Club," one of the members said. "We travel by means of books and Perry Pictures."

"Where have you been?" I naturally asked.

"To the English cathedrals. That journey took all the meetings for a year; but it was well worth it. And to Athens. That needed only about half a year; but we all became so interested in Greek art that we gave the rest of the season to studying it."

"Have you been to Rome?" I questioned.

"Well, not yet," said my new acquaintance. "You see, we were going to visit all of Italy last year; we began with Florence, and we read 'Romola,' and then in some way we found ourselves reading Dante—and we are still reading Dante. We never can keep to our subject," she remarked, almost apologetically; "I am afraid you think we are very desultory."

"No," I replied, "I am only thinking of the pleasure Mr. Stephen Phillips must have given you—"

"We have never heard of him," she interrupted; and I, of course, forthwith recommended to her "Paolo and Francesca," which her club shortly afterward perused with appreciative joy.

"The Travel Club must be a great benefit to the town," I said to another member of the association.

"We hope so," she replied; "it undoubtedly is to its members. It brings them in touch with the great people and the great things of history, and that is always beneficial."

"Were they not in the club, I suppose they would read and study less," I said, tentatively.

"Much less," was the immediate reply; "it is so difficult to study alone; and, besides, the discussions between the club members at our weekly meetings are so much more valuable to each member than any amount of solitary contemplation could be."

This woman, I afterward was told, had originated the club. She was inter-

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ested in foreign lands, but she found that she could not happily follow her desire to acquaint herself with the glories of those countries without calling upon her friends and acquaintances for companionship and sympathy. The democratic spirit of organization is so insistent, even in an interest in the Florence of Dante's time.

A woman in a larger town, a town boasting a woman's club which belonged to both State and General Federations, in referring to this smaller association which I had been extolling to her, suggested—not, it should be added, with any hint of cavil—that Athens and the city of the Medicis were rather distantly removed in condition, as well as in space, from a new little village in the wilds of northern Minnesota. However that may be in a final analysis it were idle to speculate; but what of the lectures we hear delivered before the Woman's Club of Omaha, Nebraska, relative to the subconscious mind; or that topic of a study given to a class in the Chicago Woman's Club which reads, "Beheading of John as a Pivotal Point in History;" or an address announced in the Calendar of the Atlanta Woman's Club entitled "Ancient History as read in Architecture"? Subjects such as these—which, taken quite at random, may yet be said to be typical fragments of the usual annual programme of any woman's club in America—may or may not have any very apparent relation to our outward National aspect; but they do evince our inner National feeling and desire; the feeling that all things past, present, and future are free to all who would have them; the desire to be, not a detached clan, but, even in the most subtle affairs of the intellect and the emotions, a united, broadly apprehending, deeply sympathetic Republic, allied each with the other, related to the world.

In a Western city of less than fifty years of age, an association of women devoted one winter to the reading of Early German History, and another year to the study of Prehistoric Pottery. When I said to the leader of the organization, "Why these things?" she replied, "Why not these things?"

Then she went on to tell me that, in connection with German History, the class had turned to the Nibelungen Lied; and thence to Wagnerian opera; and, aside, to German drama.

"It isn't so much what you study as the way you study it," she said, with a smile.

The way in which a woman's club so frequently studies its subject may appear bewildering to the casual observer, but it is perfectly definite and coherent to its members; and this, after all, is the principal, and perhaps the only necessary, consideration.

Though the clubs of women in very small villages were, I found, almost invariably literary, associations in towns which, while larger, were still not yet cities, often had for their objects the study of domestic science and art—made feasible by the possibility of such needful equipments and teachers as could scarcely be obtained in a place of very small size. The members of these organizations were, very naturally, housekeepers who wished technical training in the adornment and management of their homes.

The Mothers' Club was very frequently the suggestive name of an association in a larger town. Before the meetings of such a club, the members often invited graduate nurses to give simple practical lectures concerning the care of children; or asked physicians to express their experienced opinions on the same subject. The president of one Mothers' Club told me that her association held a monthly reception, to which the school-teachers of the children of its members were invited. "We don't invite them for the purpose of discussing our children with them," she quickly explained; "but simply because we wish to have friendly personal relationships with the people with whom our children spend so large and important a portion of their time."

Professional clubs—those associations regarded as so particularly American by our foreign visitors—are seldom found excepting in cities of considerable size, for the obvious reason that only in such places are a sufficient number of professional women to constitute a club usually to be found. An incident which

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occurred at a meeting of a professional women's association in Boston serves more vividly than many protestation to show the character of clubs of professional women almost anywhere in the United States; and also to mark the difference between such organizations in America and in England.

Among the guests at the meeting of the club—an association, it should be said, of writers—was an Englishwoman, a member of a similar society in London. She asked a number of questions about the club; and presently she said to me, "Who is your most important honorary member?"

After a moment's reflection, I mentioned the name of one of our honorary members, distinguished among women of letters, not only in America but also in England and even on the Continent.

"Who is yours?" I inquired in return.

Our guest, with a pride equal to that with which I had spoken of our most eminent associate, mentioned the name of one of the reigning family of England.

"But why the princess?" I exclaimed, in surprise; "in that capacity, I mean," I hastened to add. The London club was an association of women writers, and England numbers more than one brilliant woman author to whom high honorary position in such an organization would seem to be so utterly natural and right.

"Her Highness is a princess of the blood royal," said our guest, in a tone which, though perplexed that any explanation should be requested, was absolutely certain that no further elucidation could possibly be required.

We in America are at once so homogeneous and so decidedly individual in our organizations. The slightest circumstance of club life, no less than the most weighty, reveals this predominating characteristic. The motto of all our clubs might fittingly be those words, chosen by many, and accurately descriptive of all, organizations in this country; words embodying, furthermore, fully and unmistakably, our great National ideal: Each for all, and all for each.

# Recent Histories of American Literature

LITERATURE has been defined by one writer as "the lasting expression in words of the meaning of life," and by another as "the record of the best things that have been said and done." The historian of our National literature, it may be added, should do two things: he should reveal the gradual unfolding of a nation's consciousness as it advances in culture, and, with impartial judgment, he should indicate those æsthetic elements which the nation has contributed to the culture of the world. The point of view, whether local or cosmopolitan, will, naturally, regulate the critical standard and the historian's enthusiasm.

There have been many attempts recently to write the literary history of America, and they all indicate a tendency to adopt, more and more, the cosmopolitan standpoint. The day is past when Bryant was glorified as the American Wordsworth, and when zealously patriotic critics indulged themselves in all kinds of such vainglorious parallels.

Several years ago Professor Wendell, of Harvard, issued his "Literary History of America"—a book that was written from this distinctly cosmopolitan standpoint. It was greeted polemically by some reviewers. It was whimsical in opinion, and it was absurdly snobbish in places. It gave undue prominence to New England; it was done with an air of jaunty patronage. There was good ground for these objections, and yet, in spite of its undeniable faults, when that history was looked at as a whole it showed such logical cohesiveness, such architectural composition, that, in the matter of form, it may well suggest a model for others to follow. Against the vague yet suggestive background of our National life, the truly important figures of our literature stand out with great definiteness.

After Professor Wendell's book came

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that by Professor Sears, of Brown, written in a smart, racy style, with considerable stress on the curiosities of the Colonial period, and with many illustrative extracts from the authors. The chapters read like some of our latter-day essays in which the writer is constantly on the alert for the clever and ingenious phrase. Professor Sears's volume, if not so stimulating as its precursor, was fully as entertaining. Its judgments, too, were more in harmony with accepted opinions, and, as evidence of its popular character, it brought the narrative very generously down to the present writers of the "sword-swinging" and "b'gosh" fiction.

Professor Trent, of Columbia, has published a general survey and account of our literature.[1] This book is of very considerable weight. It is one of the series of "Literatures of the World," edited by Edmund Gosse, and as such it demands that the historian should take the world's point of view. To do this with American literature should result either in a small book or else an extensive treatment of the more important authors. Professor Wendell chose the latter alternative; Professor Trent has chosen neither. He adopts "the magnified scale," and has given us a volume of six hundred pages, the first half of which treats at length those Colonial obscurities who, by his own admission, have no title to literary distinctions. He justifies his course on the ground of the necessity of studying the origins—an apology which is used for similar purposes, and much abused, by the adherents of the scientific school. Science may delve at the roots, if it will, but literature concerns itself with flowers and fruits. It may be a labor of love for Professor Trent to resurrect the forgotten dead, but in a book which purports to record the standing of America among the literatures of the world, it is surely superfluous to drag so many unimportant persons out of their graves. This is a fundamental defect in the plan.

In another aspect Professor Trent suffers in comparison with Professor Wendell. His book lacks the latter's fine emphasis of the truly essential; it lacks the architecture—a thing which is eminently desirable and effective in narratives of a nation's higher life. The style is always discursive, frequently digressive, and the history fails to make a strong impression in the mass effect of totality. The method of running comment, pursued on the basis of chronology, often brings the trivial into too close association with the things of supreme dignity. Interesting garrulity distracts while it entertains. No literary critic ever did more to bring the essential into bold relief than did Matthew Arnold, and his method, which "starts the hare" without beating about the bush, is superior to the *causerie*—that is, for serious literary history.

Apart from these shortcomings, however, Professor Trent's book excels those of his two predecessors. It is full of thought, of sympathy, of discerning judgments. The knowledge is evidently at first hand, the scholarship is broad and deep, and the temper of the critic is at once conservative and independent. It is a difficult matter to add brilliancy to the common light of day; but Professor Trent has accomplished this in that, in the discussion of topics about which the last word is supposed to have been said, he brings the suggestive acumen of further illumination.

His chapter on Poe, for instance, is a fair case. As every one knows, Poe has had more stimulating influence upon Continental authors than any other American, and foreign critics award him the position of primacy. Why, then, is this man of original genius with less honor in his own country? Why did a Frenchman bow down to him as to a shrine, while the critics of New England condemned him as "meretricious" and "charlatan"? The fact that after the death of his wife he drank too much is not an adequate explanation. His fame at home has been discounted not only by his personal derelictions, but by the time spirit and the interests of his art. He lived and wrote in the generation of crude, hard-headed Philistines who set Jackson up as their idol, a generation that had little inclination to dream of the glory

[1] *A History of American Literature.* By William P. Trent. D. Appleton & Co., New York.

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that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome. Furthermore, the end of his art, the worship of beauty apart from all moral relations, ran dead against the dominant literary ideals of his day, and it never has, even to the present, made any striking appeal to the great majority of American readers. Poe's fate was, in a way, like that of Keats at the hands of Jeffrey; he was regarded as a "sentimental bardling." The readers who discarded Poe turned to Bryant. Americans, like the English of Chaucer's time, like the English of to-day, love preaching and books with a good moral. "It was the ethical rather than the æsthetic value of Bryant's poetry that gave it currency among his countrymen."

Professor Trent accepts the later judgment that Longfellow cannot be called "great." Longfellow was not a "fresh force." Neither in imagination nor in intellect was he strong. The author follows Arnold in denying the title of greatness to Emerson also. "It seems as if the time had come for Emerson's country to accept this verdict. Because of deficiencies both of style and substance, Emerson does not belong to the small class of the great masters of prose. . . . His style from first to last lacks the firmness, the precision, the flexibility, the individuality we demand of prose writers whom we denominate masters."

Professor Trent, feeling that judgments upon living authors are usually fallacious, closes his history with the year 1865. Even Whitman, whose work was largely done before that time, he treats tentatively. With the censors of this huge personality he has no great quarrel. Yet any one who follows the record of the man's sincere, disinterested life must find in his character a lack of all sentimental emotionalism. His humanitarian sympathies did not die stillborn in the imagination. They were born in deeds. His service as a nurse in the Civil War is the finest gloss on his genuineness. His poetry, too, braces rather than debilitates. "The Leaves of Grass count for more in the increased devotion to sport and open-air existence noticeable in America of late, and in the development of the idea of the 'strenuous life,' than most people think."

In closing this brief notice we may say that, in spite of our preliminary strictures about the plan and style, Professor Trent's book is the most important and satisfactory of those issued in recent years.

Professor Lawton's "American Literature,"[1] published about the same time, is a modest and intelligent handbook, supplied with bibliographical references and chronological outlines, evidently intended for school use. If the printing, paper, and binding are inferior to those of Professor Brander Matthews's similar manual, the contents are equally as good, if not better. Professor Lawton has the gift of saying much in little without seeming fragmentary. He selects comparatively few authors, and, in general, maintains a fine sense of proportion. He pursues the biographical method, on the ground that a writer cannot escape from himself, and the best way to study his life-work is to catch him at home.

There is a certain individuality given to this little book by the fresh touches of local color. We think of Hawthorne usually as a recluse, without knowing how he came by his retiring disposition. But the solitude of that "inner life barred from profane intrusion" seems more natural and inevitable when we learn that his mother, after her husband's tragic death, lived a hermit in her own room for forty years, never resuming any social relations, and eating absolutely alone. Hawthorne's sister likewise shunned company. There was the strain of unsociability, therefore, in the great romancer's heredity and in his early environment. One can better understand from this why Hawthorne became a hermit and stayed indoors so much until after dark; why, leading such a life, his mind centered so much on brooding dreams and idealisms; why, in short, he became the poet of allegorical abstractions.

If he was a man of concentrated, ingrown life, Lowell, to whom Lawton

[1] *Introduction to the Study of American Literature.* By William Cranston Lawton. Globe School Book Co., New York.

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gives most space after Hawthorne, was a man of many sides and unable to settle himself into a groove. There was a certain youthful impatience about him always which craved variety rather than perfection of form. Unlike Longfellow, whose work has left "larger results of happiness than any other man in our literature," he is restive and individual, making many mistakes and having many regrets.

A paragraph at the close of the book calls up the fact that our American literature is almost wholly from the Anglo-Saxon strain. Neither the foreign emigrants nor their descendants have done much to increase its body or repute. "The failure of the German element, in particular, to give itself utterance in the highest forms of art," is especially noticeable. The few names of very minor figures are proof of this. "Our literature much more distinctly than our national life—as a whole—is Anglo-Saxon."

There is something very reassuring in a review of the recent work of our American scholars. The time was, and not long ago, when we went to school to Germany, and came home learned, heavy, and heedless of form. We are freeing ourselves from the pedantic ideals of our schoolmasters; we are evolving scholarly ideals of our own, in which book wisdom is being supplemented by the wisdom of the world, and facts are being infused with the vital forces of life. We are realizing Emerson's ideal of the American scholar as man thinking in personal independence.

# Books of the Week

*This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."*

**American Prisoner (The).** By Eden Phillpotts. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 506 pages.

Mr. Phillpotts has a novel and fine subject in this new romance, which is the most important book he has written since "The River." Indeed, the last book from his pen to appear, "The Golden Fetich," was such a sensational story of adventures as evidently to be a "pot-boiler." It has been forgotten by many people that American prisoners were confined in large numbers in a Dartmoor prison; that they formed a conspiracy to escape, and that some remarkable escapes were actually made. Mr. Phillpotts's American character, Cecil Stark, a worthy descendant of the famous General Stark, was such a prisoner. His adventures and his love affair form one side of this story. On the other hand we have the Devon country life and rustic character with which Mr. Phillpotts has delighted us in other tales. "The American Prisoner" has more movement, variety of character, and dramatic interest than any of the author's previous novels, but, on the other hand, the plot is not always well co-ordinated, the grace and subtility of character-depiction to be found in "The Children of the Mist" and "The River" are distinctly less in this book, and while some of the many characters are forcible and individual, others are not entirely satisfactory—notably the polished villain, Narcot, who has the wearisome habit of continually quoting epigrams and tags of the drama and thus succeeds only too well in proving that he is the bore the author meant him to be. In some parts of the plot also the situations are a little too melodramatic readily to find acceptance as credible. All in all, the book, although sometimes faulty, has human interest and the fascination of action.

**Are We to Have a United Medical Profession?** By Charles S. Mack, M.D. Published by the Author, La Porte, Ind. 5×7½ in. 44 pages. 25c.

**Castle, Knight, and Troubadour: In an Apology and Three Tableaux.** By Elia W. Peattie. (Second Edition.) The Blue Sky Press, Chicago. 5×8 in. 65 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Close of the Day (The).** By Frank H. Spearman. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 224 pages. $1.25.

This story seems to us to mark a distinct advance in art over Mr. Spearman's former novels. It is neither long nor pretentious, but it is simple and human. The main theme is handled in an artistic and consistent way. It describes, on the one hand, the gradual physical and financial decay of a Chicago magnate, and on the other the corresponding rise in her profession of a young girl in whom the financier interests himself and who becomes an operatic singer. The fate of the financier, who dies in poverty and cruel pain when his protégée is at the height of her success, is pitiful in the extreme. A pretty love story is well told, and with some humor. Mr. Spearman is deserving of praise for so

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managing what seems to be a difficult theme as not to make his story either sentimental or sensational, and for avoiding in every way the excessive.

**Divine Vision and Other Poems (The).** By A. E. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 123 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Dynasts (The): A Drama of the Napoleonic Wars.** By Thomas Hardy. Part First. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 233 pages, $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Eighteenth Century Essays on Shakespeare.** Edited by D. Nichol Smith. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 358 pages. $3.

Reserved for later notice.

**Ethics of Democracy.** By Louis F. Post. The Moody Publishing Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 374 pages. $2.

The chief merit of this volume is its fundamentally wholesome spirit. Mr. Post writes forcefully, sincerely, seriously, and with apt turns of humor. He is an ardent believer in the Single Tax, and dedicates his work to the memory of Henry George. He is rigorous and keen in applying moral tests to social conditions. Like the man whose disciple he is, he shows that his ethical and social faith is vitally, though not formally, religious. When he cites Biblical passages, he is generally illuminating in what theologians would call his exegesis—illuminating just because he does not intend his comments to be exegesis at all. Some readers may be surprised to find an advocate of so radical a theory as the Single Tax as conservative as is Mr. Post in his economic theories. As a matter of fact, the Single Tax depends to a great extent upon the old-school political economy, and Mr. Post defends the conclusions of that school and declares that political economy is an exact science. He is as incisive in his criticism of Socialism as he is of Imperialism; both he considers enemies of that individualism which he thinks essential to human welfare. There are gaps in his arguments. He raises questions he does not answer. He is often academic, as he admits he expects to be considered, and bookish. He writes, however, so as to stimulate the reader to find out for himself why his statements are true or why they are not. As this is one of Mr. Post's purposes in writing the book, he has to that extent succeeded.

**George Fox: An Autobiography.** Edited by Rufus M. Jones, M.A., Litt.D. In 2 vols. Ferris & Leach, Philadelphia. 5¼×8¼ in. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**History of Modern England (A).** By Herbert Paul. In 5 vols. Vols. I. and II. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. Per vol., $2.50.

Reserved for later notice.

**Illustrated History of English Literature (An).** By Richard Garnett, C.B., LL.D., and Edmund Gosse, M.A., LL.D. Vols. II. and IV. The Macmillan Co., New York. 7½×11 in. Per vol., $6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Lux Crucis: A Tale of the Great Apostle.** By Samuel M. Gardenhire. Harper & Bros., New York. 5×7½ in. 392 pages. $1.50.

A tale of the reign of Nero, the persecution of Christians, the trial of Paul at Cæsarea, and Paul's heroic efforts for the spread of Christianity. The book includes the love story of a Roman soldier and a Christian maiden.

**My Cookery Books.** By Elizabeth Robins Pennell. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 7½×10½ in. 171 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

**Plays, Acting, and Music.** By Arthur Symons. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 197 pages. $2, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Poems of Edgar Allan Poe.** Edited by Charles W. Kent. (Macmillan's Pocket Classics.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 165 pages. 25c.

Reserved for later notice.

**Religions of Authority and the Religion of the Spirit.** By Auguste Sabatier. Translated by Louise Seymour Houghton. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 9×6 in. 410 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Robinson der Jüngere.** By Joachim Heinrich Campe. Edited by C. H. Ibershoff. (Heath's Modern Language Series.) D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 201 pages.

**Sandro Botticelli.** By Julia Cartwright (Mrs. Ady). Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 206 pages. 75c., net.

Reserved for later notice.

**Story of Extinct Civilizations of the West (The).** By Robert E. Anderson, M.A., F.A.S. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 4×6 in. 195 pages. 35 cents, net.

In this, the latest addition to the "Library of Useful Stories" series, Mr. Anderson outlines the traditional and historic accounts of the discovery of America, and draws a brief but graphic picture, a composite of history, legend, and the results of archæological research, of the conditions prevailing among the Aztecs, Toltecs, Incas, and other peoples formerly inhabiting the Western world. Simplicity and directness characterize his narrative, and the reader's interest is well sustained.

**Synoptic Text-Book of Zoölogy (A).** By Arthur Wisswald Weysse, A.M., Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×9 in. 545 pages. $4.

**Turkish Life in Town and Country.** By Lucy M. J. Garnett. Illustrated. (Our European Neighbors Series.) G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 336 pages. $1.20, net.

In these days, when the Macedonian insurrection has aroused new interest in the Turkish provinces, this volume should have wide reading. It describes the Macedonian nationalities, the Albanian highlanders, the Armenian communities, the Hebrew colonies, besides describing the Turks and Turkish life as it is lived in Constantinople, its suburbs and the provinces. To our thinking the book is specially important in dealing with non-Turkish tribes and their life. The description of distinctly Turkish characteristics and customs is equally well written. It is only less interesting because more familiar.

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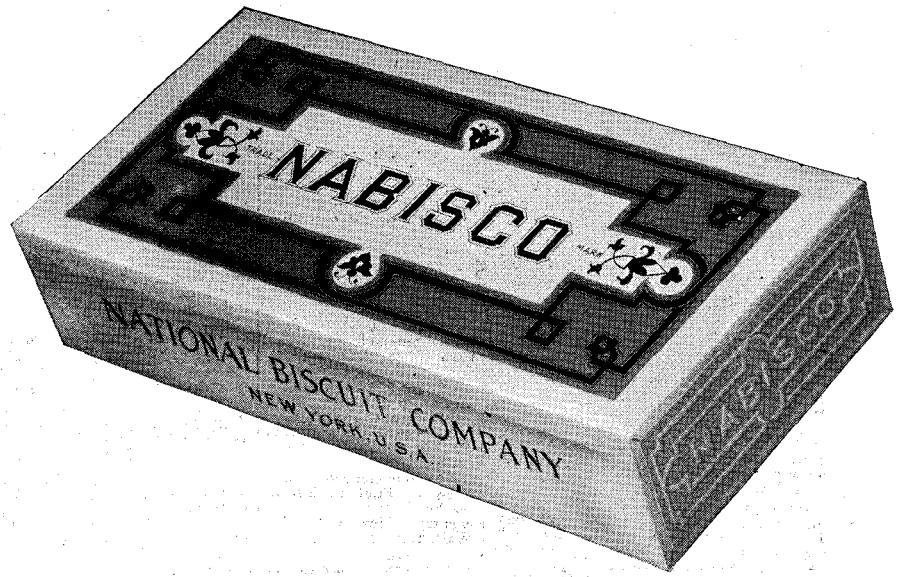


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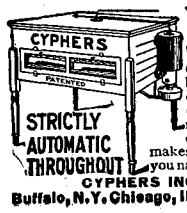


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